

FIFTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 18, 1972

TIM

Murder in Munich



DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

XERNONA CLAYTON

HOME: Atlanta, Georgia

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Hostess of her own television show (WAGA-TV, ATLANTA).

HOBBIES: Browsing in gift shops and art galleries.

LAST BOOK READ: "Passions of the Mind."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first Black to have a television show in the South.

QUOTE: "I get criticism from both militants and conservatives, but that's because I don't cater to one or the other. It's my responsibility on the show to talk to people and find out about their ideas. If someone in the audience is upset by a guest's point of view, I guess I'd rather risk his anger than shelter him from something unpleasant. I believe everyone must be heard."

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NELAN



BOLTE



BEL

FOR hours and even days after last week's outrage in Munich, questions seemed to multiply rather than diminish. Exactly what had occurred? Who was to blame? What really is the Black September group? Did officials in Munich have any choice other than force? Why were initial news reports about the bullet-riddled climax of the drama so misleading?

Our cover story and related articles not only sort out the discrepancies about the shootings but also deal with the event's other dimensions. The main story, written by Associate Editor Spencer Davidson, reconstructs the tragedy in detail. Davidson, who has been writing about Arab-Israeli affairs for years and revisited the Middle East last year, also did the article on the Black September group. This week's Essay, by Associate Editor Timothy James, analyzes the problems of making life-or-death decisions, as both German and Israeli officials had to do. The Press section recounts the difficulties that newsmen encountered, traces the erroneous reports to their source and tells how one reporter beat his colleagues to the bitter truth. Sport continues its account of the Olympic Games themselves.

An event like the Munich murders casts shadows around the world, and a score of TIME Correspondents, from Tokyo to Houston, reported on various aspects of the tragedy. From Paris, William Rademakers, chief European correspondent, flew to Bonn to cover West German government reaction and to coordinate coverage. European Correspondent David Tinnin, who had also been in Paris, and Bonn Bureau Chief Bruce Nelson, who had been attending the Leipzig Trade Fair in East Germany, rushed to Munich. There, together with Bonn Correspondent Gisela Bolte, one of TIME's four-member Olympic staff, they worked their way through interviews and press conferences to untangle the maze of conflicting statements, false reports and after-the-fact apologies.

In the Middle East, our Jerusalem staff talked with Israeli leaders and relatives of the slain athletes, while Rome Bureau Chief James Bell, a veteran of Middle Eastern wars and intrigues, got the Arab side of the story in Beirut. "I did have some trouble getting into the Beirut headquarters of the Palestine Liberation Organization, where I had an appointment," reports Bell. "The place was besieged by young Arabs who were trying to enlist in Black September. They finally let me through, though I don't look much like a fedayeen type." Adds Bell: "I'm more the Winston Churchill type, as was testified to by the Persian mob that nearly lynched me during the Mossadegh days, when Mr. Churchill was distinctly unpopular in Iran."

Ralph P. Davidson

INDEX

Cover Story.....22	Economy.....83	Music.....68
Color.....59, 79	Education.....41	Nation.....14
Essay.....28	Environment.....78	People.....38
	Law.....101	Press.....47
Behavior.....64	Letters.....6	Science.....63
Books.....92	Medicine.....55	Sport.....57
Business.....86	Milestones.....71	Theater.....75
Cinema.....72		World.....22

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Or cancelled checks into napkins?

No. It's not easy. But that's the magic of recycling. Of turning rubbish into resource. And more of it is happening every day.

Like most magic, a lot of recycling relies on something you can't see—electric energy. Energy to change junked cars into new steel, discarded cans into new aluminum, old paper into new paper.

Just one modern paper reclaiming plant turning out 48,000 tons a year uses more electricity than 6,500 typical American homes used in 1971. It needs the power to spin huge pulp blenders and pump vast amounts of water that

scrub old paper squeaky clean.

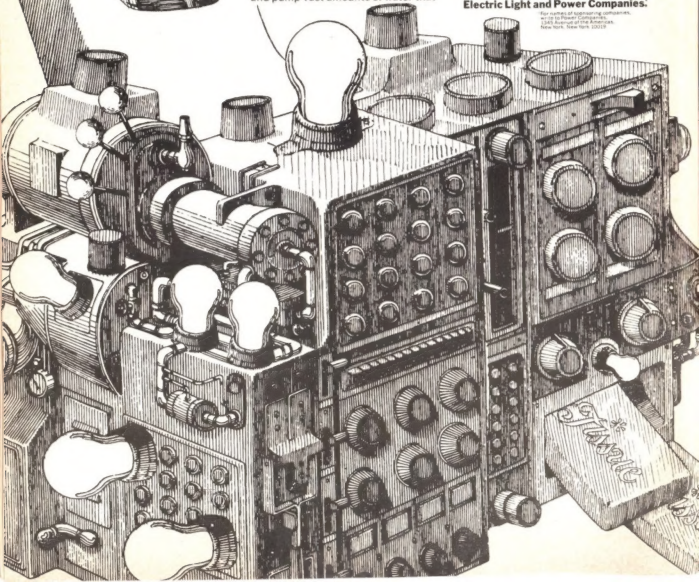
The power required to put the environment back in shape, and keep it there, is only one reason why most forecasts indicate the demand for versatile electricity will double in the next ten years.

Our country's ability to clean the air, water and land will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

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YEAR	\$10,000*	% CHANGE	GAIN	LOSS	Compared with 5% interest compounded annually \$10,000
1950	\$11,089	+10.89	\$1,089		\$10,500
1951	12,734	+14.84	1,645		11,025
1952	14,166	+11.24	1,432		11,576
1953	14,150	- .11		\$ 16	12,155
1954	20,233	+42.99	6,083		12,763
1955	23,805	+17.65	3,572		13,401
1956	25,604	+ 7.56	1,799		14,071
1957	23,023	-10.08		2,581	14,775
1958	32,088	+39.37	9,065		15,514
1959	36,198	+12.81	4,110		16,290
1960	37,403	+ 3.33	1,205		17,105
1961	46,911	+25.42	9,508		17,960
1962	41,484	-11.57		5,427	18,858
1963	48,519	+16.96	7,035		19,801
1964	54,866	+13.08	6,347		20,791
1965	66,256	+20.76	11,390		21,831
1966	62,785	- 5.24		3,471	22,923
1967	84,294	+34.26	21,509		24,069
1968	99,138	+17.61	14,844		25,272
1969	85,100	-14.16		14,038	26,536
1970	78,616	- 7.62		6,484	27,863
1971	94,008	+19.58	15,392		29,256

*Figures in this table are based on annual performance averages of funds listed in the Management Results section of Wiesenberger's *Investment Companies*, except for the categories of bond and preferred stock funds, tax-free exchange funds and international funds. Annual average performance was derived by adding each fund's performance and dividing by the number of funds. New funds were added as they appeared in the Wiesenberger volumes which were used. In 1950, 1961 and 1970, for example, the number of funds was 40, 143 and 307, respectively. Investment results assume initial investment of \$9,150 following deduction of sales charge of 8½ percent and subsequent reinvestment of dividends and capital gains.

Mutual Funds: The Record.

\$10,000 to \$94,008.

The table illustrates how an investment of \$10,000 in 1950 would have fared, year by year, measured by the average performance of mutual funds. It shows that by the end of 1971 it would have grown to \$94,008 for a net gain of \$84,008.

The same \$10,000 at 5% interest compounded annually would have produced a guaranteed net gain of \$19,256 over the same period.

The table also indicates the extent to which mutual fund investments can fluctuate with conditions in the investment markets. It shows how, in the "down" years, such as in 1969 and 1970, the short-term investor's shares could have lost value. But over the long term, the number of "up" years exceeded "down" years by nearly three to one, and gains far outpaced losses. Of course, the record of any individual fund varies with its invest-

ment objectives and performance.

The figures demonstrate the advantages of long-term thinking and long-term investing for those now planning for the future. While past performance is no guarantee of the future, the record of the fund industry over the last two decades should be an important factor in the investment decision of any potential investor.

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LETTERS

Insult to the G.O.P.

Sir / I object strenuously to the heading "The Coronation of King Richard" [Aug. 28] and to the cartoon that goes with it. This is not reporting, but ridicule and insult. I object also to the story on the Republican Convention because of a continual tone, or undertone, of ridicule and criticism. I am a Republican and I favor the re-election of President Nixon, so I don't pretend to be impartial, but I am angered by the tone of the article.

It seems to me that you owe an apology for the heading and for the cartoon. They are not funny.

(THE REV.) L.P. VAN SLYKE
Nunda, N.Y.

Sir / Is it so hard to believe that President Nixon really believes that what he is doing is right, and that members of the Republican Party can unite behind him?

To me, the President symbolizes something that is needed in American life today—decency, hard work and a sense of duty to the principles of life.

(MRS.) LOUISE BEAL
Lawrence, Mass.

Sir / In an otherwise excellent article, you suggest that President Nixon "will never be a well-loved President." In light of American history, however, I feel that this may be a hasty conclusion.

Surprisingly, our two greatest Presidents, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, held strong views that were much further removed from the popular wishes of their respective eras than the present universal admiration for the two men would make you believe.

President Washington wrote that "to persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny." President Nixon also has persevered, and the results have been impressive. It is not, therefore, altogether inconceivable that in the not too far distant future, Richard Nixon might emerge as the greatest folk hero of them all.

TODD ROTHBARD
Westfield, N.J.

Sir / I don't believe we could find a more spectacular manifestation of control from the top, i.e., totalitarianism, than that over-rehearsed bit of show biz by the Republican Convention. For all their problems, at least the Democrats had the honesty to allow control, however discordant, to flow from the people up.

JOHN K. GLOVER
Allenhurst, N.J.

Sir / Between the Hollywood stars and the film clips, I could barely tell if that was the Republican National Convention or the Academy Awards presentation.

GARY M. GLASSMAN
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir / Re Nixon and Agnew: once more without feeling is more like it.

(MRS.) JEAN BLACKWELL
Chapel Hill, N.C.

The Hitler Analogy

Sir / George McGovern's use of the Hitler analogy is not, as you say, exaggerated rhetoric [Aug. 28]. American bombing of the people and countryside of Indochina is the most barbaric act since the Jewish extermination under Hitler. The Watergate affair is something one would expect under the

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LETTERS

auspices of the Nazis rather than the Republicans. McGovern is not guilty of excessive campaign rhetoric; he is simply stating a fact.

JAMES H. RANUM
Minneapolis

Sir / Why don't we confront "the Hitler analogy," insofar as it applies?

Some of us who have reflected on the Nürnberg trials and the position of German civilians in Hitler's regime are deeply troubled in conscience that we are in a position like theirs. Only we cannot say we did not know that atrocities were being committed, a people exterminated and a land destroyed in our name, all in order to preserve unstained our "honor."

Must we compete to displace "the century's central metaphor of evil"? We could win that competition and lose all that is good. God help us!

SISTER DOROTHY DAWES, O.P.
New Orleans

Sailors, Not Prostitutes

Sir / Your article concerning women now being allowed to sign up to go out to sea with the Navy [Aug. 28] contained protests from Navy men's wives. Their arguments were wholly concerned with fear of marital disloyalty on their husbands' part. This is an out-and-out insult to the WAVES. These women are going on board as sailors, not as prostitutes.

If these Navy wives are so insecure and distrustful of their husbands, they should get busy and invent chastity belts for their loved ones.

VICTORIA ELLIOTT
Gretna, La.

Sir / In ancient times, women were smuggled aboard ships, and they had babies. When the captain would inquire as to who had fathered the child, the answer was: "He's a son of a gun!" With dames at sea now, we'll hear this expression more and more. Just wait and see.

LOUIS V. DE TURRO
Rockville, Md.

Sir / Re women aboard Navy ships: someone should point out to the righteous Mrs. Stone that though sailors may ride many types of waves, merrymaking wives in Norfolk are as abundant as sailors making Mary in the Med. I suggest a counterpetition by indignant husbands demanding Navy-issue chastity belts.

PAUL W. JOHNSON
Clinton, Conn.

"Hypocrisy" at the Olympics

Sir / The hypocrisy directed against the Olympic athletes from Rhodesia [Aug. 28] strains the credulity of any rational person.

Uganda, one of the East African "nations" protesting against Rhodesia's team, has committed one of the most flagrant discriminatory acts yet seen by forcing out of its country thousands of persons of Asian descent.

Instead of bearing an Olympic torch the East Africans are carrying a double standard.

JAMES M. CANNON
North Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir / So Uganda's Asians—deprived of their homes, their businesses, their possessions even to their gold rings—are to be driven, destitute, from the country.

Tragic though all this is for the Asians, the bearing of this terrible affair will be still

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The interior wood is black oak, cut from trees that used to stand on the property.

There's an antique desk in the guest room that folds out into a double bed.

Last Christmas they baked bread together as gifts for close friends.

Their next vacation will take them on camera safari in Africa.

Their Scotch is House of Stuart. It fits.

With a lightness that's perfect for watching sunsets or while relaxing after a day on their trail bikes.

With a smoothness guests enjoy. Before dinner. With conversation. After an art fair.

Yes, they have a couple of expensive Scotches on hand. For people who insist on drinking by the label. But the house Scotch here is House of Stuart.

To the disappointment of no one.



The Scotch people are at home with.

The house Scotch here is House of Stuart.

The Harris House, Aurora, Illinois.

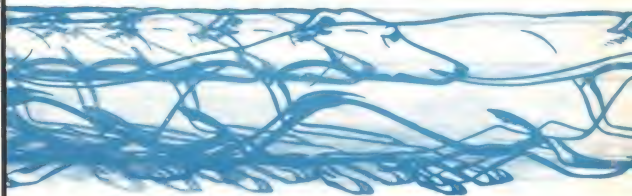


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LETTERS

more tragic for the future of Africa, for who now is really going to listen to the African countries when they cry "racism"?

B KUMASE
Nairobi, Kenya

Name Calling

Sir / I have never called Floyd McKissick a "political prostitute."

JULIAN BOND
State Representative
Atlanta

In a speech to the National Urban League, Julian Bond said black Republicans are "political prostitutes." Floyd McKissick, former director of the Congress of Racial Equality, is a Republican and has publicly endorsed President Nixon.

Teen-Age Sex (Contd.)

Sir / Compliments on your unbiased cover story, "Teen-Age Sex: Letting the Pendulum Swing" [Aug. 21]. There is, however, another group of youths who merit equal attention: the luckless klutzes who stumble through every blind date, the rejected girls who sit at home on prom night. For them, life is a long, lonely nightmare—there are no openings for sexual dropouts these days.

DONALD CRUISE
New Lenox, Ill

Sir / We Pacific Islanders look on with pop-eyed amazement at Western attitudes to sex. Nothing more false, more stultifying, more anxiety-breeding (except your economy) can be imagined.

We believe that God made us and gave us certain varied faculties and functions, and at the proper times, indicated by nature and not by regulations, we use them.

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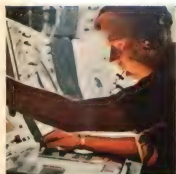
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LETTERS

sexual things are private to the two people concerned, and we never discuss them in public. We believe in good manners in consideration of the feelings of all; and we terribly regret that Western madnnesses are spreading over the lovely games of sex.

MOAPI VESICLES
Sung-I In

Sir / If we are all so sexually liberated why was TIMI compelled to use pseudonyms to recount the sexual activities of people like Ellen Sims who had made it with three boys when she was in the eighth grade? The sad truth is that if her real identity were exposed she would be the object of the scorn and derision of our oh so moral society whose attitudes on sex have yet to catch up with its actions.

COWEN F. McADEN
Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Sir / The increase of sexual activity among American youth has as its cause a great characteristic of contemporary American society. I refer to man's isolation from his fellow man to a society in which people live in a community of solitude.

Youth must have the guidance of authority. The best authority issues from parental love. However, when parents themselves are overwhelmed by the confusion of our love-starved society, whom can youth turn to? Small wonder then that so many young people seek love more outside the home than within.

NICHOLAS CRESANTA
Pittsburgh

What Is Daimon?

Stu / Good heavens. I thought that surely my glasses were no longer right for me.

Daimon Omnia Vinct [Aug. 28]

What is it?

MARJORIE LEE AFTER
Newport News, Va.

Sun / Huh 7

SHIRLEY CON
La Jolla Calif

Viri honesti / Lingua Latina horum viri!

PAT CUNSEI

Discipula Latinae
Washington High School
Massillon, Ohio

Sir / De Latina dictum est: Angli Angli-
cum loquuntur, Germani Germanium lo-
quuntur et Russi Russiam. Sed nullus
Latinam loquitur nisi mortuus.

RICHARD CALDWELL
Stamford, Connecticut

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Popular Death Penalty

The nation's courts were meant to be not a barometer of prevailing public opinion but an arbiter of law. Nevertheless, as the Supreme Court of California last February and later the U.S. Supreme Court moved to outlaw capital punishment, Californians at least may feel justified in claiming that the high judges are acting against the popular will. A Mervin Field California Poll disclosed last week that the death penalty is growing rather than receding in popularity. Fully 66% of Californians now favor use of the gas chamber for those who commit serious crimes, while only 24% oppose it and 10% are undecided. That is an increase of 17% in pro-death sentiment since the first such sounding in 1956 and an increase of 8% since last year.

The pollsters did not ask why Californians are becoming tougher on this issue. Some researchers speculate that people are getting fed up with such spectacular crimes as skyjacking and Manson-style mass murder. On a more personal level, more and more people are becoming the victims of street muggings and assaults. Although Californians do not demand the death penalty for these offenses, such violent criminal episodes perhaps promote a psychology of implacability and, at least in theory, a taste for social vengeance.

Some Choice

Voters often complain that their choice in an election boils down to selecting the lesser of two evils. But pity the voters of Elizabeth, N.J., where four candidates are running for mayor. One hopeful, Republican Matthew Nilsen, was indicted by a county grand jury on nine counts of threatening to kill or atrociously assault two men who apparently owed him \$65,000. A second, Democrat Michael DeMartino, was charged with trying to extort \$3,000 from a tavern owner by misusing his authority as a member of the city's alcoholic beverage control board. Last week it was revealed that the administration of a third candidate, Incumbent Mayor Thomas G. Dunn, a Democrat, is under investigation by the jury for possible corruption. The fourth? He is Anthony Carbone, the courthouse janitor. Elizabeth does not seem a likely place for a civic-minded get-out-the-vote drive this year.

Who Can Summon the Lord?

The seven-man faculty of San Francisco Baptist Theological Seminary was disturbed last spring when its president, Arno Weniger, suddenly cut off all paychecks, pleading lack of funds. Weniger was annoyed when five of the teachers took legal steps to recover \$10,695 in back pay. After all, he argued, their yearly contracts of \$7,200 were precise-



McGOVERN GREETING ADMIRERS AT CALIFORNIA'S

ly qualified with the stipulation that "payment shall be as the Lord provides." The simple fact was, he told a hearing by the state labor commissioner, that the Lord had not.

Now the mere mortal commissioner, Mrs. Maria Monti, seems to be in the awkward position of having to divine the will of the Lord. The case raises other intriguing questions. What standing does the Lord have under California law? Does he ever concern himself with such mundane matters as money? Should he not be subpoenaed? But if so, where would the marshal go to serve the papers? And who but the devil himself would have the temerity to cross-examine?

Edible Memorials

The U.S. Senate set a new and imaginative fashion in memorials to its revered members last week by adding a favorite dish of the late Louisiana Senator Allen J. Ellender to the Senate restaurant menu. It is Louisiana creole gumbo, a concoction of rice, chopped seafood and okra, selling for \$1.50.

An edible memorial may well nourish fond remembrances of a man more effectively and at far less cost than all of the cold monuments and dull libraries that are now so prevalent. A steaming bowl of Eisenhower vegetable soup might warm recollections more quickly than rummaging through the Eisenhower papers in Abilene. How better to catch the flavor of Lyndon Johnson than by munching a deer-foot sausage or supping on hot Pedernales chili? Richard Nixon could be forewarned to start scouring his ancestral cookbooks, if only to avoid being commemorated by cottage cheese with ketchup.

Perhaps the only weakness is that the practice could become repetitious. For many Washington politicians, only one recipe is both favorite and fitting. It begins and ends with the culinary instruction "Pour whisky into a glass."



SENATORS ALLEN, ELAINE EDWARDS & LONG WITH CHEF & CREOLE GUMBO
Memories of cottage cheese and ketchup?



ALAMEDA COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS



LINDBERGH, NIXON & MCGOVERN ON SAN FRANCISCO FERRYBOAT

THE CAMPAIGN

Some Political Sparks But Still No Fire

THE political talk in Baltimore was not of the presidential campaign, but the whimsical fate of Mayor William Schaeffer, who stuck his arm out of his car window—and had someone snatch off his \$42 wristwatch. Nixon bumper stickers were appearing in Nebraska, but they were vastly outnumbered by bright red NEBRASKA NUMBER ONE signs plugging the university's football team. The big debate in San Francisco was over the attempts of a school dietitian to ban graham crackers for milk breaks on the grounds that they stick to tots' teeth and cause cavities.

The campaign had been under way—haltingly—for weeks, and now the traditional Labor Day launch date came and went with much of the nation in a curiously apathetic and unpolitical mood. TIME correspondents exploring voter sentiment last week kept catching a counter-question: "What campaign?" Such indifference could only please Richard Nixon, whose own campaign may not be exciting anyone, but it commands such a lead that his only concern is to preserve the status quo. It is bad news for George McGovern, who is in dire need of igniting some fires, of conquering the fatal idea that the 1972 election is a foregone conclusion.

McGovern could hardly be faulted for not trying. Last week he began his proselytism in earnest, working 18-hour days as he crisscrossed the nation. He barged boldly into settings where his reception was not likely to be friendly: a meeting of rabbis in Los Angeles, an aerospace plant in San Diego, the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, the Southern Governors' Conference in South Carolina. He earned grudging respect in those quarters but not enough to give his lagging drive much of a lift.

The overall image was that of a man still searching for a consistent theme, striking a spark here, but turning weary at the lack of response there. He attacked forcefully one moment, appeared overly defensive the next. McGovern was sharp on economic issues, slashing at the inflation under the Nixon Administration. "The Nixon inflation is ground into every pound of hamburger you buy," he cried.

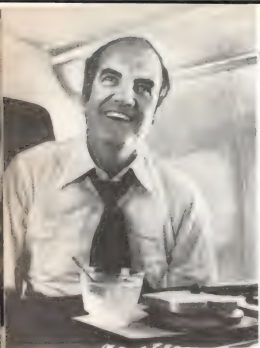
He assailed the uneven application of wage and price controls, working a traditional Democratic campaign theme of the little man fighting the party of big business. While worker salaries are in "a deep freeze," he claimed in Dallas, the president of Dow Chemical Co. received a pay raise of 196% and has to "eke out an existence on \$305,000 a year." He inveighed against tax loopholes for the rich. "You pay for every martini lunch that a businessman deducts—while you eat a bologna sandwich." (Later, travelers on his campaign plane ceremoniously presented McGovern with a martini—which he declined—and a single bologna sandwich.)

Fear. Some of his crowds were large, including a rally of some 3,000 enthusiasts in conservative Dallas—a tribute, among other things, to efficient advance work. Some friendly audiences tempted McGovern to overwrought prose. He told a crowd of 4,000 in Seattle that the Nixon Administration consisted of "wiretappers, warmongers and purveyors of racial fear." He seemed to hold Nixon responsible for everything from heroin addiction to the plight of lonely old people living in poverty. In Seattle he employed a rare personal reference to his family, reading the words of a Bob Dylan song *When the Ship Comes In*, which his daughter

Mary, 17, had given him: "And like Pharaoh's triumph they'll be drowned in the tide. And like Goliath they'll be conquered." Added Mary's note: "I know on Election Day you'll surprise the world. Your ship will come in."

That ship still was riding rough seas, fighting to find its course. There remained the candidate's own strangely persistent staff problems. Running one of the most decentralized and uncontrolled national campaigns in history, McGovern had to persuade two of his key aides to stay on board. Gordon Weil, a top but not very successful troubleshooter (it was he who was assigned to check out rumors about Vice Presidential Nominee Tom Eagleton's background, and was the staff man responsible for the ill-fated \$1,000-for-every-citizen welfare plan) threatened to quit because a news letter was prepared without the usual printers' union symbol. The top man on issues, Ted Van Dyk, quit briefly in disgust over the in-staff jostling but returned.

One aide whose resignation stuck was New Jersey Congressman Frank Thompson Jr., a veteran voter-registration expert, who was credited with adding some 8,000,000 new Democratic voters to the rolls for John Kennedy in 1960. McGovern had promised him that he would have complete control of registration funds if he would take on the same task this year, but McGovern failed to inform his campaign manager, Gary Hart, of that fact. Thompson discovered last week that Hart had distributed some \$400,000 to field workers, most of it funneled into some of the 800 storefront headquarters set up since the convention. Thompson did not blame Hart ("His priorities and mine are not the same"), but was suf-



McGOVERN, MARTINI & BOLOGNA SANDWICH
Businessmen deduct the booze.

ficiently angered to resign his position.

There was some evidence that both the registration drive and the storefront offices were impressively organized, despite the leadership squabbles. "It's the best grass-roots registration thing I've ever seen," claimed Campaign Chairman Larry O'Brien. Nevertheless, the infighting left a disquieting impression of McGovern's administrative abilities. As a Boston dock worker expressed his doubts last week: "You know, this is the big league now for McGovern. This isn't like a college campus. He's gotten into it with the big boys, and right off, he got a kick in the croakies."

President Nixon ran his campaign effort partly by remote control, dispatching his daughter Tricia and her husband Edward Cox to New York City for some politicking. He ordered his entire Cabinet, except for Defense Secretary Melvin Laird and Secretary of State William Rogers, to hit the trail on his behalf. Since Laird and Rogers have already assailed McGovern in harsh terms on defense and world-affairs proposals, Nixon is using his Cabinet on a scale unprecedented in recent presidential campaigns. On a tour billed as "nonpolitical," Nixon teamed up in San Francisco with such environmentalists as Pioneer Aviator Charles A. Lindbergh and Astronaut Frank Borman to make a ferryboat inspection trip of the proposed Golden Gate National Recreation Area and to assail the Democratic Congress for its failure to pass some of his environmental control bills.

When Nixon did venture personally into the battle, he was guilty of some of the same oratorical overkill that occasionally marred McGovern's speeches. To a group of Republican congressional leaders, for example, he issued a flat pledge that if re-elected he would

not seek any tax increase throughout the following four years. Since fiscal needs are almost impossible to predict that far in advance, this may wind up in the same category as his 1968 pledge to end the Viet Nam War. Even in the current fiscal year, in which the federal budget deficit may reach an estimated \$35 billion, Nixon is fighting to start a program that will turn over some \$30 billion in revenue-sharing to states and localities over five years; he has promised to seek a cut of 50% in local property taxes by increasing federal aid to schools. Where that money, an estimated \$16 billion, will come from without raising taxes is a mystery.

In a Labor Day speech taped for radio, Nixon claimed with a certain truculent piety that he advocated a "work ethic" based on the principle that "everything valuable in life requires some striving and some sacrifice," while McGovern was pursuing a "welfare ethic," which "says that the good life can be made available to everyone right now and that this can be done by Government." In fact, both the McGovern and Nixon welfare-reform proposals are strikingly similar in principle. Both stress the need for persons who can work to be given jobs, both would increase rather than decrease the number of persons on welfare, and both embrace the idea of some kind of guaranteed minimum income.

Stigma. The Nixon campaign leaders were on shaky ground in trying to shed the stigma of the Watergate bugging exposures by charging the McGovern organization with similar violations of campaign-fund laws. The most serious was that *Playboy* Publisher Hugh Hefner was advised to split his \$50,000 Democratic contribution among various committees so the total would be hidden. That hardly compared with the General Accounting Office's charges that the Committee for the Re-Election of the President may have mishandled some \$350,000 in campaign funds, including \$114,000 routed through secret channels to the Miami bank account of a former CIA agent arrested in the Watergate.

Neither side was off to an edifying start. The presidential campaign remained, for the moment, one oddly without definition, without as yet any real sense of issues in intellectual collision. The pressure, of course, is all on McGovern now, and he has yet to find his campaign rhythm. Some of his backers were holding, with fading conviction, to what might be called the Primary Mystification Fallacy: McGovern started far behind in the primaries and he won the nomination; therefore, because he is far behind in the general election campaign, he will win the presidency. In Seattle, McGovern argued: "I've had to fight uphill every single step of the way in 16 years of public life, so this is nothing new to me." But as the time until November was diminishing, that hill was getting steeper.

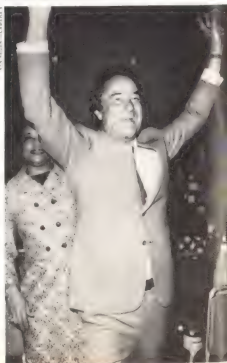
Shriver Unchained

It the rest of George McGovern's campaign had gotten off to a halting start, Vice Presidential Candidate Sargent Shriver was already bringing an early New Frontier élan to the race. Some of his bright-eyed lieutenants recruited from the old Peace Corps ranks even seemed to welcome Richard Nixon's lead in the polls. Said one breathlessly: "It's so much more of a challenge this way, don't you think?" TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler spent four days following the Shriver campaign and offered these impressions:

At McGovern-Shriver headquarters in Washington, one of Sargent Shriver's aides was saying on the phone, "He's made a series of errors, goofs, blunders, call them what you will, but we've talked to him, and he's politically not so extraverted now. I hope we haven't quieted him down too much, but that's probably the most unnecessary thing I've ever said." Indeed, Shriver's ebullient optimism is one of the more promising commodities of the McGovern campaign. "It's terrific," Shriver kept saying. "I'm learning a graydeal [a favorite word]. Here, look at my issues book [thick loose-leaf binder]; it's as good as any master's course."

In a swing that spotted the nation from Portland, Me., and Charleston, W. Va., to Grand Rapids and the West Coast, Shriver's routine never varied: he would come down the ramp of his chartered 727 wearing facial expression No. 1, a close-mouthed, eye-twinkly look of expectation. Then, as he greeted the local Democratic leaders, he would go to expression No. 2, the Shriver grin—jutting out the lower jaw and

SHRIVER WITH TEACHERS IN DENVER



squinting his left eye, for a conspiratorial Commander Whitehead effect.

Sometimes he would shake the same hand two, three times, and once the shakee complained. "You already shook my hand back there," but Shriver didn't mind.

His speeches followed the McGovern line, told of his "shock" at the Watergate affair, blamed Nixon for the rise in welfare and unemployment rolls, promised jobs for all citizens. He had a little trouble laying down McGovern's tax-the-rich line and in the next breath explaining his own wealth. In Boston, Shriver was asked if he might surrender some of his own inheritance in keeping with the McGovern proposal to increase inheritance taxes. "I didn't inherit a nickel. I'm just as bad off as you are; maybe I'm worse off," deadpanned Shriver. "Nobody is going to take anything away from me, because I don't have anything."

Moving through the crowds, he was at his best. At the Westfield, Mass., airport, Bill Kelleher, 65, shook his hand and said afterward, "I love him. I was gonna vote for Nixon until he got on the ticket. I just love the guy. I dunno why. I just do." And in an East Boston public health center, Mrs. Doris Blakey shook Shriver's hand and said, "I love him, oh yes I do, my haht's goin' boom boom boom."

"Terrific," Shriver kept saying, and at the New York State Fair in Syracuse, his press secretary groaned. "I hope the Secret Service can keep him off the rides." They did, but they could not keep him from milking a cow or, in Springfield, Mass., from losing a pool game to an old woman while the senior citizens waited to hear him speak.

Heaven. Back in his plane, Shriver spoke of his years with the Peace Corps as "one of the greatest memories of my life." Then he tried to explain why the voters take to him. "I believe you should always be yourself, whether you're talking to the President or you're that man out there pumping gas on the runway. I'm the same with everybody. I have no feeling of guilt or condescension talking with these people. I feel each person is created for some particular reason, each person has a role to play in life the same as you or I—and in fact he may have a better chance to go to heaven than we do."

Then he walked down the aisle of his plane toward where the press were drinking, gave them his one-two grin, and started talking about the weekend he had spent at Hyannisport. "I went sailing, and I swam, and...oh, I just missed the pirate contest. That's where you try to throw a tennis ball into the other fella's sailboat, and if you get it in, then he's eliminated. Great fun!"

*Shriver, whose wife Louise is, of course, a daughter of the late multimillionaire Joseph Kennedy, said that his own income was \$125,000 last year, none of it from trusts or inheritance. He was preparing to release a full statement on his income and assets this week.

Catering to Azerbaijanis

Mike Balzano, Taras Szmagala, Libby Allemang, Mike Sotirhos, S.J. Skubik and Balha Funke. The names read like a roster of Democratic precinct captains in Chicago's 42nd ward. Wrong place, wrong party. They are actually staff members of the National Republican Heritage Groups Council—certified Republicans all and proud of it in this election year. They have found a friend in Richard Nixon, and he has found congenial qualities in them: a conservative style of patriotism, the Protestant ethic (though they are mostly Roman Catholic), antiradicalism and nonpermissiveness. They are the so-called ethnics, whom the Republicans are sparing no time or energy to woo.

The ethnics comprise some 80 mil-

entirely welcome. He views the forces behind McGovern as elitist, overly ideological, antilabor and oblivious of his needs. Meanwhile, the President has been quite attentive. Since many of the ethnics are refugees from Communism, they are suspicious even of President Nixon's attempt to improve relations with both Russia and China. But they are even more mistrustful of what George McGovern might do. Says Steve Markowski, vice chairman of the eastern region Heritage Council: "They regard McGovern's position on amnesty and his promise to go begging to Hanoi as signs of weakness. They also have no use for the people they identify with McGovern: Ramsey Clark and Jane Fonda."

The Heritage Council is presenting ethnics with as attractive an alternative as possible. It cranks out news releases



PAT NIXON AT FOURTH ANNUAL LITHUANIAN FOLK FESTIVAL IN CHICAGO

Patriotism, the Protestant ethic and nonpermissiveness.

lion people, and they are concentrated mostly in the big states that decide elections. The Heritage Council caters to a total of 32 different nationalities—more than the typical Republican knew existed a few years ago, or cared to know. Among those wooed are Albanians and Lithuanians, Croats, Slovenes and Serbs, Azerbaijanis, Ukrainians and Scandinavians. When Nixon was running in 1968, a mere 7,000 ethnic volunteers helped in his campaign. This year 50,000 ethnics are working for the President, and twice that number are expected to turn out before the race is over.

The ethnics are attracted to the Republican Party because they are repelled—doubtless against their wishes—by the Democratic Party. It no longer seems to fit them as comfortably as it once did. It used to be the home of the working man, but now he does not feel

for some 600 ethnic newspapers around the U.S. Whenever possible, the releases are in English. "We want to unite, we don't want to divide," says Laszlo Pasztor, the council director and a Hungarian freedom fighter who fled to the U.S. when the Soviets invaded in 1956. "The English language is a strong, binding force." Nevertheless, translation is provided for any nationality that would rather have its politics in its native tongue. There is also an ample collection of foreign-language tapes and records, which are distributed free of charge.

Whenever the Republicans have been kind to an ethnic group, the fact is sure to be noted in one of the Heritage Council's publications. A recent issue of *G.O.P. Nationalities News*, for example, pointed out that seven key members of the Apollo project team are Serbian Americans who "ensure that the millions of components and systems



ORIENTAL YOUTH FOR NIXON AT A CHINATOWN DINNER IN LOS ANGELES
With translations supplied for politics in the native tongue.

get our astronauts to the moon and back safely." No national holiday is overlooked, which means that Heritage personnel are busy almost every day of the year. The Republicans sponsor dances, picnics and banquets that are usually attended by a White House staffer. "This gives us a feeling of closeness to the President," says Nick Stepanovich, Heritage director in Indiana. On July 2, Pat Nixon showed up at the fourth annual Lithuanian folk festival in Chicago to tell the cheering throng that her daughters had told her "this is the most wonderful show in the world." Ethnic are often invited to White House breakfasts and Sunday church services, as well as to State Department briefings that fill them in on developments in their homelands.

Ceremony aside, the President has also been making policy decisions that are pleasing to ethnics. When he went to Moscow, he made a side trip to Warsaw—a signal to Polish Americans that he was not about to ignore Poland. On his return, he met at the White House with some Polish Americans, who burst into an appreciative song: *Sto Lat, Sto Lat, or May You Live To Be a Hundred*. The Republicans have poured an estimated \$47 million into low-cost housing and other projects for ethnic groups, chiefly for Spanish-speaking people in California and Texas. While the President has vetoed other spending bills on the grounds that the federal deficit is too large, these expenditures are obviously an exception in an election year.

On Labor Day the President made his most vigorous attack on quotas, a direct appeal to ethnics, who fear that they will lose jobs to blacks under any kind of quota system. For the past six months the White House has been soft-pedaling its highly touted Philadelphia

Plan, which requires contractors working on federal projects to hire a certain percentage of minorities. Both the Republican National Committee and the Committee for the Re-Election of the President have black divisions that work energetically. But the Administration feels that it has more votes to gain by placating the white ethnics than by cultivating blacks. Last week a black Republican, former Assistant Secretary of Labor Arthur Fletcher, called the decision to modify the Philadelphia Plan "shocking." "It is very popular this year to run against everything black. Americans stand for," he said.

Can the ethnics be converted to Republicanism on a permanent basis? "To some it's almost sacrilegious to pull that Republican lever," says Stepanovich. But it appears that many will pull it for Nixon, and Republicans hope that it will become a habit. A possible successor to Nixon, after all, is Spiro Agnew, an ethnic's ethnic. If the ethnic vote does not "come home," as McGovern urges it to, but finds a new home in the G.O.P., that will be the most crucial party shift since the early New Deal.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Watergate Taps

At first it seemed as if the five men who broke into the Democratic National Committee Headquarters in Washington last June were simply replaying the Marx Brothers at the opera—they had been caught in the act before any real harm could be done. Then it appeared that they had not only succeeded in bugging the headquarters, but had apparently been financed by \$114,000 in Republican campaign funds that had been "laundered" in Mexico and ac-

cording to the General Accounting Office, may not have been properly recorded under the new Federal Election Campaign Act. Two weeks ago, new evidence suggested that the Democratic headquarters office had been burglarized as well and that documents had been removed, photographed and replaced.

Larry O'Brien, the former chairman of the Democratic National Committee and now George McGovern's campaign chairman, made more charges last week. O'Brien claimed that not only his own telephone but that of one of his aides had been tapped and "monitored on a regular daily basis" for several weeks prior to the arrests. He said that logs were kept of his telephone conversations, and that those logs had then been written up into memos and circulated. He refused to elaborate about who received the surveillance memos, but, if he was correct, their existence would suggest that O'Brien's conversations were known to many people besides those on the receiving end of the monitoring equipment—possibly people high in the Republican ranks. And to whom was O'Brien talking in those weeks before the convention? "Perhaps every prominent Democrat in America," said O'Brien—including all the presidential hopefuls. "My phone was tapped, my conversations overheard, my files invaded, my correspondence photographed."

Scared Off. According to O'Brien, an investigation by his attorney, Edward Bennett Williams, disclosed that members of the Watergate Five had also tried to enter and place wiretaps in McGovern's Capitol Hill headquarters back on May 27, well before McGovern had been chosen as the Democratic nominee but long after he had established himself as a serious contender. That attempt failed, charged O'Brien, only because they were unexpectedly interrupted in the attempt and scared off.

In an effort to embarrass the Republicans further, O'Brien charged Attorney General Richard Kleindienst with "the most appalling foot dragging," and added that Kleindienst seemed to treat the case "as some kind of joke." Nevertheless, sources inside the Justice Department expect indictments to be handed down within the week. The seven to receive them will reportedly be the five arrested in the Watergate office building—James McGord, Bernard Barker, Frank Sturgis, Eugenio Martinez and Virgilio Gonzales—plus former White House Aide G. Gordon Liddy and former White House Consultant E. Howard Hunt. Evidence reportedly linked Liddy to the monitoring of the microphones planted in the Democratic offices and Hunt to the purchase of electronic bugs.

The indictments will in effect stifle the Democrats' charges, because they will imply that the case has been "broken" and that the responsibility for the



LARRY O'BRIEN AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Monitored on a regular basis.

electronic surveillance of the Democrats was no higher than the middle echelons of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. What the Democrats desperately want to find is some connection with those closer to Nixon.

To help them to that end, Democrats have hired Walter Sheridan, a former Justice Department investigator, to pursue his own study of the case. Sheridan, who played a key role in developing the evidence that sent former Teamster Boss James Hoffa to prison, apparently gave O'Brien the specific leads he needed to make his claims about the tapping of the two phones in his former office. Meanwhile, Williams has filed a request to take depositions from 17 more people in O'Brien's \$1,000,000 violation-of-civil-rights suit against, among others, the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Republican National Committee Chairman Robert Dole has berated the Democrats for adopting "guilt-by-deposition" tactics.

Foreign Enemy. Even if the investigations unearth nothing else, the Democrats already seem to have considerable political ammunition. At week's end McGovern squeezed out a few rhetorical rounds of his own. "What first looked like a caper now appears to be a central part of the Republican strategy," he said. "It now appears that the headquarters of one of the two major political parties of the United States was treated as if it were the headquarters of a foreign enemy." What remained quite unclear was how much the scandal could help to narrow the huge Republican lead. Said a top McGovern aide: "These are serious enough charges to determine the course of a presidential campaign in a normal year, but this is not a normal year."

TRADE

Campaign Fodder

Scarcely two months ago, the Nixon Administration proudly announced an agreement under which the U.S. would sell at least \$750 million worth of American wheat, corn and other grains to the Soviet Union in the next three years. The deal, described as the biggest grain transaction between two nations in history, was hailed by U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz as "a major advance for American agriculture." Last week the agreement was well on its way to becoming a major Democratic campaign issue—especially in the farm states—and Administration officials had ample reason to eat their words.

Throughout several weeks of negotiations, the Administration had worked eagerly for the agreement as a boon to the nation's perennial balance of payments problem and as a further step toward improving relations with the Soviet Union. Accordingly, the U.S. promised to sell wheat to the Soviet Union at the prevailing world price of \$1.63-\$1.65 per bushel—and to subsidize all sales at that level if the domestic price of wheat rose. This involved a U.S. agreement to subsidize the wheat purchased by American grain export firms—mainly six large companies—at the \$1.63-\$1.65 level. To make the deal even sweeter, the U.S. gave the Russians a \$750 million line of credit for three years at 6½%.

The Russians were also anxious for the agreement: they are currently suffering their worst farm crisis in a decade. But the U.S. apparently did not realize when it made the deal how deeply the Soviets were hurting. As a starter,

the Russians promised to buy at least \$200 million worth of U.S. grain this year. But by the end of August they had already spent almost \$1 billion. This was possible because the U.S. had neglected to specify the amounts of each type of grain to be sold, perhaps naively expecting the Russians to concentrate mainly on corn, of which the U.S. has substantial surpluses. Instead Russia started buying wheat with a gusto that took away the breath of the most hardened commodities trader. Inevitably, wheat prices shot upward—and the Administration got caught. In mid-July it had been paying a 4¢ subsidy on every bushel of wheat the Russians bought. By July 26 the subsidy was up to 14¢ and two weeks ago it shot to as high as 47¢.

Caught Short. Alarmed, the Administration finally called a halt late last month. It decided to stop supporting the current world price—which it maintains by making subsidy payments to domestic exporters of U.S. wheat—and henceforth to let the world price float upward to the \$1.80-\$1.82 level. Among those who were hurt by the policy change were the Japanese, the largest foreign buyers of U.S. grain, who were caught short and must now buy U.S. wheat for about 17¢ per bushel more than the Russians paid. Of course the Russians must also pay the new price, except that they may not have to at this point, since they wisely did their shopping early. Some U.S. authorities suspected that the Russians had known what a good deal they were getting and bought enough wheat to replenish their stockpile. Moaned one Agriculture Department expert: "They can sell the same wheat back to us at a profit."

Administration officials were considerably more concerned, however,

U.S. WHEAT BEING UNLOADED IN SOVIET PORT OF ODESSA



THE NATION

about the domestic political aspects of the issue. Wheat farmers—some of whom had sold their crops earlier in the year at a far lower price on the advice of Agriculture Department service bulletins—were hopping mad. So were baking companies, which complained about the rising cost of flour and were refused a request for a bread price increase by the Cost of Living Council.

Another aspect of the case centered on the curious relationship between the Nixon Administration's Agriculture Department and the grain industry. Clifford Hardin quit as Secretary of Agriculture last November to become vice chairman of Ralston Purina Co., and was replaced in the Nixon Cabinet by Earl Butz, a Ralston Purina director. More to the point, the U.S. official who was chiefly responsible for the preliminary grain negotiations with the Russians last April, Assistant Agriculture Secretary Clarence Palmbly, resigned in June to become a vice president of Continental Grain Co., one of the companies directly affected by the Soviet deal. Three weeks later, a second official involved in the negotiations, Commodity Credit Corp. Vice President Clifford Pulvermacher, also quit his federal job and joined the Bunge Corp., one of the largest U.S. wheat traders abroad.

Bread Tax. Palmbly, who received a fat pay increase over his \$38,000-a-year Government salary when he went to work for Continental Grain, denied conflict-of-interest charges and insisted that neither he nor anyone else could possibly have known that the Soviet Union needed so much wheat this year. "I try to stay on pretty good terms with my Creator," he said, "but He just didn't inform me of what crop conditions were over there."

Nonetheless, U.S. Representative Benjamin Rosenthal, a New York Democrat, demanded an investigation of Palmbly and Pulvermacher and their roles in the trade talks. At the very least, said Rosenthal, "an appearance of unlawfulness has been created." To another Democratic Congressman, Charles Vanik of Ohio, the agreement itself was the key issue. "The American people," he declared, "are in effect paying a Russian bread tax." Vanik claimed the deal with the Soviets will eventually cost the U.S. public \$1.5 billion in wheat subsidies and land bank price supports. "So it's a billion dollar sale," he charged, "for a billion and a half in subsidies."

At week's end Democratic Presidential Nominee George McGovern joined the chorus, charging the Administration with aiding grain exporters who used "inside information to exploit unsuspecting farmers." Secretary Butz angrily denied the charges and accused McGovern of impugning the "integrity and credibility" of himself and the President. "Some money was made in this deal," said Butz. "Let's face the fact. And for Senator McGovern to see something sinful in making a profit is not in the American tradition."

LABOR

Plight of Lettuce Eaters

At the Democratic National Convention in July, the phrase "boycott lettuce" became almost a password. It fell fervently from the lips of any number of heads of delegations, and it was finally consummated as a cause when Ted Kennedy, at the peak of convention excitement, began his speech: "Greetings, fellow lettuce boycotters!"

The idea was to spark a boycott of iceberg lettuce—the kind that looks like a head of cabbage—in support of Cesar Chavez's two-year-old strike against growers in California. Chavez, grateful for the Democratic boost, believes that the boycott is beginning to take hold and in fact is doing as well as the grape boycott did at a comparable time in its history. But the evidence is not so reassuring. For a while after the conven-

tion prove more malleable than the militant U.F.W. Chavez, who felt that he had been betrayed by a brother union, was able to organize only a few growers. Many court battles and union confrontations later, the dust has still not settled. The Teamsters have agreed to turn the lettuce pickers over to the U.F.W. if the growers are willing. But the growers balk at the hiring halls that Chavez insists on; they want to keep the right to choose their own workers.

This puts the consumer in a quandary if he is of a mind to support the boycott. He cannot boycott the lettuce on the grounds that it is nonunion, since most of it comes courtesy of the Teamsters. If he wants to determine whether it is picked by the U.F.W., he has to examine the carton it came in to see if it bears Chavez's black eagle emblem. On the shelf, one head of lettuce looks much like another. While most shoppers go on blissfully buying lettuce with

CLAY PETERSON



UNITED FARM WORKERS STRIKING AGAINST LETTUCE GROWERS IN SALINAS, CALIF. Too humble a household staple to become a passionate liberal cause?

tion, many sympathizers gave up lettuce. The growers were shipping only 300,000 cartons a day out of Salinas Valley instead of the normal 400,000.

In time, however, passions were spent, appetites increased and people started munching the greenery again. The wilting lettuce cause pointed up a dilemma larger than lettuce: in the current climate, it is hard to turn a labor issue into a liberal cause. Labor is in bad odor with liberals these days, and even a Chavez suffers from the apathy.

After a five-year battle supported by sympathetic liberals round the country, Chavez in 1970 won a stunning victory over the grape growers, who were forced to recognize his United Farm Workers Union. From there, Chavez looked for new fields of crops to conquer. He chose lettuce. At once, the panicky growers signed up with the Teamsters Union, hoping that it would

no idea that a boycott is under way; those who care are treated to conflicting advice. Some militants instruct them to keep things simple and not buy lettuce at all. Others tell them to try to discriminate: avoid iceberg lettuce but purchase romaine, most of which is not grown in California. "I couldn't figure out which lettuce was O.K. and which wasn't," says Connie Zonka, who works for Columbia College in Chicago. "So I just quit buying it—and we like lettuce a lot. I get out of it by substituting a whole lot of cabbage."

But even if the issue were clearly understood, people might not act much differently when it comes to the crunch. A grape is one thing; it has a kind of bacchanalian image, succulent and superfluous. It is a luxury. But plebeian iceberg lettuce that makes a harsh noise when you munch it is a humble staple. People are not so willing to give it up.

The boycott has pitted the supermarket chains against the smaller independents. Only a small amount of U.F.W. lettuce is shipped out, and most of it goes to the chains, which can then sell their lettuce with a clear conscience and no fear of boycott. The smaller stores, on the other hand, are stuck with Teamster lettuce, and they must either sell it at the risk of boycott or give up moving lettuce altogether. Obviously, they are at a competitive disadvantage. "This is immoral," complains Harold Slawsky, president of a modest chain of stores in Massachusetts. "We're not going to allow the large chains who contract directly with the growers to obtain the bulk of the U.F.W.-picked lettuce, while leaving only scraps that can't come close to filling the demand for the independent chains."

On top of all its other troubles, the U.F.W. finds its very existence under attack. In Arizona, Kansas and Idaho, laws have been passed that would cripple Chavez's organizing activities; they prohibit boycotts by farm workers, require farm-union elections before strikes can be called and hinder strikes at harvest time. Similar measures are included in an initiative that has been put on the California ballot by a combination of growers, shippers and the California Farm Bureau Federation. If a lettuce boycott can succeed under these circumstances, it may be that only Cesar Chavez can bring it off.

ARMED FORCES

Mr. Inside

In its search for a new Army Vice Chief of Staff, the White House last week passed over no fewer than 240 more senior generals. The President found his nominee in Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger's West Wing office, where for nearly three years Major General Alexander M. Haig Jr., 47, has been serving as Kissinger's able deputy on the National Security Council.

Haig is regarded as a model of calm toughness. He organizes Kissinger's paper work, sometimes stands in for him at presidential meetings, and often serves as the butt of Kissinger's jokes. But he carefully avoids the spotlight. In his present job, Haig has made eight trips to Viet Nam, where he served with the 1st Infantry Division (and won a Distinguished Service Cross) in 1966-67. Kissinger calls him "one of the outstanding military men I've met," and the President is known to have favored him for both his dedication and loyalty, and because he impressed the White House as being the sort of top-notch young general that the Army badly needs.

In order to get some new blood circulating in the Pentagon, the Army advised 25 older generals last week that they must take early retirement. The Administration is still waiting (after



MAJOR GENERAL ALEXANDER HAIG JR.
Found in the West Wing.

three months) for the Senate to confirm General Creighton Abrams as its new Chief of Staff. The Senate Armed Services Committee has not yet finished its probe into the question of whether Abrams, while serving as U.S. commander in Viet Nam, knew that his Air Force chief, General John Lavelle, had permitted 23 unauthorized bombing raids over North Viet Nam.

Some Army men were disgruntled that the President, in promoting Haig and giving him two new stars to go with the job, had nominated a man who has never commanded a division or a corps. But others felt that the young, glamorous and politically sophisticated Haig might be just what the Army needed in combination with Abrams. As one Army general remarked: "As long as Al plays Mr. Inside and lets Abe play Mr. Outside, we'll be all right."

VIRGIN ISLANDS

The Resort Murders

St. Croix, largest of the American Virgin Islands, is a serenely beautiful patch of lush jungle mountains, golden valleys and tropical beaches. It is dotted with condominiums as well as the remains of stone sugar mills that were built by the Danes more than a century ago. By tradition, the islanders have made mainland Americans feel at home. As a Virgin Islands travel brochure puts it: "They show you their love in small, spontaneous ways."

One balmy afternoon last week, four tourists from Miami finished a round of golf at the Fountain Valley course, a lavish facility on the northwest coast owned by Laurance and David Rockefeller. As the tourists stood at the outdoor bar, they were startled to see half a dozen men—all wearing

military fatigues and masks—burst from a nearby hedge. Suddenly the masked men opened fire with automatic rifles, spraying bullets crazily at everyone in sight. In moments the four Miami tourists were dead and so were three club employees. A fourth, Groundskeeper John Gulliver, 23, moaned again and again, "I'm going to die," and was dead after reaching the hospital.

The gunmen methodically scooped up about \$700 from the club's cash registers and casually collected the wallets and purses of the dead and dying. Then they walked away toward the hills, according to a man who watched, "with their guns slung over their shoulders as if they were bird hunters."

Islanders have grown used to grumbling about a rise in the crime rate and the bands of youths that sometimes wander round nearby Christiansted at night. But they were stunned by what Governor Melvin Evans called "the most heinous crime I can recall." Some tourists wondered whether the real motive for the murders might have been political or racial; all the gunmen were black, apparently, and seven of the eight victims were white. But police believed that the crime was merely a particularly vicious case of armed robbery. At week's end, the police arrested two men in the case and charged them each with eight counts of murder.

TRIALS

Conspiracy's End

Last April a jury in Harrisburg, Pa., was unable to reach a verdict on whether the Rev. Philip Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister had been guilty of an elaborate conspiracy to kidnap Henry Kissinger, blow up heating tunnels in Washington's federal buildings and raid draft boards. The only offense the jury agreed upon was that Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth had smuggled letters in and out of the federal prison at Lewisburg, Pa., during the summer of 1970 when Berrigan was imprisoned there.

Smuggling letters in and out of prison is an offense that is most often winked at. In the past, the few defendants who have been convicted on the charge have usually been put on probation. But when Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth came up for sentencing last week, Federal Court Judge R. Dixon Herman gave the priest a Draconian two years in prison—to run concurrently with the six years he is serving for his role in draft-board raids in 1967 and 1968. Judge Herman sentenced Sister Elizabeth to a year and a day in jail.

If the sentencing raised questions about just punishment, the "conspiracy" theory at least seemed laid to rest. The Justice Department, evidently convinced that it cannot prove its case, announced that it has dropped all of the far more serious conspiracy charges against the Harrisburg 7.



BLOOD & BULLET HOLES IN ISRAELI QUARTERS



BUS CARRYING ARABS & PRISONERS OUT OF OLYMPIC VILLAGE

THE WORLD

TERRORISM/COVER STORY

Horror and Death at the Olympics

In a world that thought itself acculturated to horror, it was yet another notch on an ever-rising scale of grotesquerie. The murders in Munich last week—preceded by 20 hours of high drama and precipitated by a horrendously bungled police shootout—gripped most of the world in attentive thrall. Because the drama was carried live on television, the suspense involved everyone, evoking memories of similarly intensely emotional events and a train of other murders that seemed to begin that day in Dallas in 1963. This time the final monstrous twist was that the killings were in Munich, the original spawning ground of Nazism—and the victims were Jews.

The guerrilla operation had evidently been planned to create maximum outrage. It succeeded, probably beyond its planners' wildest dreams. By invading the Olympic Village and seizing nine Israeli athletes as hostages and killing two others, eight young Palestinians managed to expose every weakness in the forces of law and in the helpless governments involved in the crisis. The failures of security, of crisis judgment and of police operations and information will be debated for months to come. Beyond that, the guerrillas set off a widening wave of diplomatic, political and military consequences.

In the Middle East they provoked harsh Israeli retaliation that shattered the status quo peace in the area and left further moves toward a more formal accommodation in doubt. On the eve of Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, flights of Israeli jets swooped over the borders of Lebanon and Syria, carrying out the heaviest strikes on those countries since the 1967 war. About 75 planes took part in the raids, bombing eight presumed guerrilla bases in Syria

and four in Lebanon. Arab sources said that the attacks had left 66 dead and scores wounded. Israeli jets shot down three Syrian planes over the Golan Heights in view of Israeli motorists out on holiday drives. Syria said it downed two planes in return. Israeli ground troops crossed the Lebanese border to battle commandos who had been mining roads in Israel. The Israelis seemed angry enough to do much more. On the chance that they might, the Syrian army hurriedly massed at the frontier.

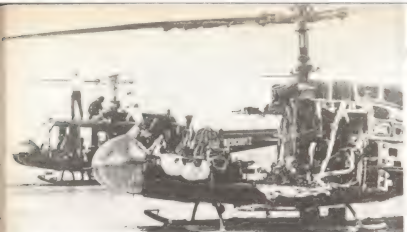
Bruised Image. In West Germany, the Munich murders could be politically damaging to West German Chancellor Willy Brandt. One object of the Olympic summer in Bavaria had been to demonstrate the contrast between the Nazi Germany of 1936—the last time the Games were held there—and the prosperous, benign Germany of today. That image was now dashed, however unfairly, by the brutal murder of eleven Israelis. Brandt could become the victim of West Germans' disappointment when elections take place, probably in December. Brandt last week speedily called for a "ruthless" inquiry and frank presentation of facts.

On a much lower level, the benign image of the Olympic Games (see STORY) was also bruised by the horror and bloodshed amid splendid surroundings. The morning after the murders, an audience of 80,000 filed into the Olympic Stadium for a hastily arranged memorial service. The surviving members of the Israeli team, heavily guarded, sat with the other athletes in the center of the field. The stand was draped in black, and for the first time in Olympic history the flags of 122 competing nations and the Olympic flag flew at half-staff. Munich's Philharmonic orchestra played the sad strains of the funeral movement

of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony. Declared West Germany's President Gustav Heinemann: "We stand helpless before a truly despicable act."

Should the Games continue? Crusty Avery Brundage, the 84-year-old retiring president of the International Olympic Committee, declared that "the Games must go on"—and the crowd in the stadium cheered. One obvious consideration was to deny the Arab terrorists the satisfaction of having halted the Olympics. But the decision was a troubling one, and the Israeli government justifiably protested that the Games should be halted while Israel mourned its Olympic dead. Many felt that the tragedy was of such magnitude that the remaining Games should be called off. Unwilling to continue, some Dutch and Norwegian team members quietly packed up and went home.

Relaxed Security. Until last week, the XX Olympiad had been a huge and happy success. Never before had so many records been toppled or so many political quarrels forgotten. West Germans even made a point of cheering whenever East Germans won. In that atmosphere, security was progressively relaxed. Initially, the West Germans planned to restrict entry into the Olympic Village, which was home to 12,000 athletes. But when reporters complained—and accused the security men of Gestapo tactics—officials all but abandoned efforts to limit press entry to the village. Forgotten, too, was earlier concern over security for the Israeli team. As the Israelis told it last week, they had asked two months ago for special protection at the Games, and had been promised that they would be safeguarded. The West Germans said that they had offered the Israelis special protection, and been turned down.



HELICOPTERS AT FÜRSTENFELDBRUCK AIRBASE, WHERE ISRAELI HOSTAGES DIED



ROMANO'S MOTHER GRIEVING AT HIS COFFIN

Incredibly, neither side apparently had second thoughts, even when rumors spread that Arabs intended to cause trouble at the Games. In addition, U.S. businesses were told by the State Department to be on the lookout for Arab terrorist bombs.

The most extreme of all Arab terrorist groups, the Black September group (see story, page 33), already had some members in Germany, among the Palestinians attending universities there. But the planning and training for last week's attack, according to Israeli intelligence, was carried out in Syria. Israel also accused Syria of helping the fedayeen get German work permits in order to reconnoiter and perhaps even using embassy radio facilities to speed situation reports back to commando headquarters in the Middle East. The week before the Olympics started, several members of Black September set out for Munich, traveling separately and by various means of transport. They brought an arsenal of deadly Russian-built Kalashnikov submachine guns, pistols and hand grenades.

Once they reached Munich, they carefully surveyed the Olympic Village, some got jobs among the 30,000 workers in the village. Athletes from Uruguay, who occupied quarters next to the Israelis, later remembered having seen Arabs in the vicinity.

The Arabs made their move at 4:20 a.m. as the sprawling Olympic Village (see map) lay quiet and sleeping in the

predawn darkness. Two telephone linemen saw a group of young men wearing sporty clothes and carrying athletic equipment scale the 63-ft fence surrounding the village. It was a fairly common occurrence; many of the Olympic athletes had broken training to enjoy a night on the town, and then scaled the fence to re-enter the compound. But once out of sight, the Arab group stopped to blacken their faces with charcoal or put on hoods, and pull weapons out of their bags. Then they set off toward the Israeli quarters at 31 Connollystrasse, named, in an Olympic tradition, after U.S. Hammer Throw World Connolly and his Czech-born wife, Olga, a discus thrower.

Crisis Center. The 22 male Israeli athletes, coaches and officials shared five apartments in the modernistic three-story building. Uncertain how many of the three-room apartments housed Israelis, the intruders knocked on one of the doors and asked in German, "Is this the Israeli team?" Wrestling Coach Moshe Weinberg, 32, opened the door a crack, then threw himself against it when he saw the armed men, and yelled for his roommates to flee. Weinberg was hit by a burst of submachine-gun fire through the door. Boxer Gad Zavary bounced out of bed, broke a window with his elbow and climbed out. "They fired after me," he said. "I heard the bullets whistling by my ears."

Virtually the same scene was repeat-

ed at a second apartment. Wrestler Joseph Romano apparently fought off the intruding Arabs momentarily with a knife, but he was mortally wounded. Yosef Gottfreund, a 6-ft 1-in., 240-lb. wrestling referee, held a door shut despite the efforts of five Arabs pushing from the other side. "Hevra listalku!" Gottfreund yelled in Hebrew [Boys, get out!]. It was too late, when the door was finally forced, for Gottfreund to get out. In all, however, 18 Israelis managed to escape. Nine who did not make it to the exits were taken hostage. They were bound hand and foot in groups of three and pushed together onto a bed.

By 6 a.m. Munich police, alerted to the situation by escaping Israelis, had arrived and begun to take the measure of the situation. A *Krisenstab*, or crisis center, was set up in the village administration building 220 yards from 31 Connollystrasse. Police Chief Manfred Schreither called up 600 men, along with armored cars, to cordon off the area. Meanwhile an ambulance crew had already been summoned to retrieve the body of Moshe Weinberg, which had been dragged onto the steps of the Israeli compound and left there by two Arabs.

Schreither holdly walked up to the besieged apartment house, and was met by a terrorist in a white tennis hat and sunglasses. He was apparently the leader of the group—and, as it turned out, the most fanatical. "It occurred to me," the police chief said later, "that I might



THE WORLD

try to take him hostage. He must have sensed what I was thinking. 'Do you want to take me?' he asked, opening his hand. I saw a hand grenade. He had his thumb on the pin."

When Schreiber asked about the hostages, he was told that the Palestinians would shortly deliver their demands. At 9 a.m. the Arabs tossed out of a window a message in English that listed 200 Arab prisoners presently held in Israeli jails and demanded their release. Also on the list were the names of Ulrike Meinhof and Andreas Baader, leaders of a gang of German leftist

terrorists that had robbed at least eight banks, bombed U.S. Army posts and killed three policemen before the last members were captured in June, and Kozo Okamoto, the Japanese terrorist who took part in last May's massacre at Tel Aviv's Lod airport, in which 26 people died. As the police read the list, the Olympic Games continued only 400 yards away, and 2,000 cheering fans—many of them still unaware of the drama—watched a volleyball game between West Germany and Japan.

The Palestinians insisted that they and their prisoners must be flown out of

West Germany to any Arab nation except Lebanon or Jordan, aboard three airplanes that would leave at intervals. The youth in the white hat, who had pulled a stocking over his face as a disguise, said that authorities had three hours, until noon, to comply. If they did not do so, the hostages would be executed at the rate of two every 30 minutes.

By then a hot line was humming between Munich, Bonn—where Chancellor Brandt had been awakened with the news at 6:35—and Jerusalem. In Israel, where it was one hour later, Premier Golda Meir summoned her senior

Israel's Dead Were the Country's Hope

THE elite of our sportsmen have died and the Olympic spirit died with them." So said Israeli Deputy Premier Yigal Allon last week as his countrymen buried their dead of Munich. The nation's Olympic hopes had never been especially high; Israel has no professional sports and only mediocre amateur games. Nonetheless, the men who died last week represented their country's best hope of improving that record. As Shmuel Larkin, head of the Israeli delegation to Munich, put it: "This crime has thrown Israeli sport back ten years." The victims:

MARK SLAVIN, 18, a promising wrestler, had emigrated from Russia only last May. Slavin had demonstrated in front of the K.G.B. (secret police) headquarters in Minsk for the Jews' right to leave the Soviet Union. In Israel, he began studying Hebrew at a kibbutz near Tel Aviv.

ELIEZER HALFIN, 24, was a wrestler who emigrated from Russia four years ago. A Tel Aviv garage mechanic when he was not practicing wrestling, Halfin, a bachelor, was the only son of a Latvian father who had lost his first wife and children in a Riga ghetto during World War II.

ANDRE SPITZER, 27, was Israel's top fencing coach. He emigrated from Rumania in 1964, later trained in Holland. Spitzer was chief fencing instructor at the Orde Wingate Physical Education Institute, Israel's top institution for sports instruction. He leaves a Dutch wife, also a fencer, and a two-month-old daughter.

DAVID BERGER, 28, a weight lifter from Shaker Heights, Ohio, had settled in Israel in 1971. Berger, who

held dual U.S.-Israeli citizenship, was a law graduate of Columbia University. He had postponed beginning his law practice while he trained for the Olympics. After Munich, Berger intended to marry and enter the Israeli army. His parents, Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Berger, learned of his death while watching the Games on TV in Shaker Heights. All Ohio state flags were at half-staff last week in his memory.

ZE'EV FRIEDMAN, 28, a bantam weight lifter, was Israel's best hope for a medal. A physical education teacher in a Haifa suburb and a bachelor, Friedman came to Israel in 1960 from Poland.

JOSEPH ROMANO, 32, an Arabic-speaking Jew from Libya, was the country's top weight-lifting champion. Recalled an Olympic committee member: "He was so crazy about sports that he lost two jobs because he spent more time training than working." Romano's latest job was as a window decorator. At Munich, muscle damage in one leg had prevented him from lifting the 430 kilograms that he could usually lift without trouble. He was due to return home to his wife and three daughters for an operation after the Games.

MOSHE WEINBERG, 32, a Sabra (Israeli-born), was the first to die at Olympic Village. A physical education teacher, Weinberg had been coach of the wrestling team for the past six years. He is survived by his third wife, Miriam, and a five-week-old son, Gur.

AMITZUR SHAPIRA, 40, ranked as Israel's best track and field coach. A physical education teacher, Shapira had most to look forward to on the day he was killed: his most successful protégée, Esther Shahamurov, was about to run in the semifinals of the 100-meter hurdles. Instead, she accompanied her coach's coffin home. Shapira left a wife and four children.

YOSEF GOTTFREUND, 40, the hefty wrestling referee, had heroically held a door of the Israeli quarters shut, allowing others to escape. A Jerusalem merchant, Gottfreund left a wife and two daughters, one of whom told friends in Jerusalem: "His last act was typical of him: my father was always ready to help others."

YA'ACOV SPRINGER, 52, a weight-lifting referee and emigrant from Poland, was a physical education teacher in a high school in a town near Tel Aviv. When the news of his death reached the town, 700 students, led by the mayor and town council, marched in procession, carrying flags draped in mourning.

KEMAT SHORR, 53, was the coach of the shooting team and a Defense Ministry employee. An emigrant from Rumania, Shorr was regarded as one of Israel's finest marksmen. He left a wife and a married daughter.



MRS. WEINBERG & SON

SLAVIN

HALFIN

SPITZER

BERGER



FRIEDMAN

ROMANO

WEINBERG

SHAPIRA

GOTTFREUND

SPRINGER

SHORR





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THE WORLD

advisers to the subterranean Cabinet room of the Knesset building. It did not take them long to decide: 1) not to negotiate with the terrorists or release any prisoners, 2) to tell the Germans that they had full responsibility for any rescue action and 3) to indicate that Israel would not object should the Germans give the terrorists safe-conduct out of the country—provided that they received ironclad guarantees that the hostages would then be freed.

Thus West German Interior Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, taking charge of the negotiations, was tightly limited in the decisions that he could make. Genscher bargained with the terrorists personally, and offered them an unlimited sum of money for the release of the Israelis: the Palestinians brusquely turned down the offer. Genscher then offered himself and other West German officials as hostages in the Israelis' place, but again he was rebuffed. He stalled for time by insisting that he was slowly persuading the Israelis to change their decision about releasing prisoners. In fact, as Police Chief Schreiber later put it, the Germans were convinced that "the hostages were already dead"—meaning that their fate had been sealed by the decision not to comply with the terrorists' demands.

Genscher boldly demanded to see the hostages. Taken to a bedroom in one of the apartments, he saw the nine bound men sitting on the beds. "I talked to one," the Interior Minister reported after he came out. "I asked him how he felt. He said all right. He hoped we were doing something, he said." At Genscher's pleading, the Arabs pushed back their deadline for executing the hostages if their demands were not met first to 3 p.m. and then to 5 p.m. In all, they were to change it four times before the climactic shootout that ended the tragedy; it is at least conceivable that they might have been stalled even



ABED KAIR AL ONAYY



IBRAHIM MOSOUD BADNAR



SAMER MOHAMED ABDULAH

Given the conditions, disaster was almost inevitable.

longer, and with less horrible results.

West German authorities had by now brought up 15 volunteer police sharpshooters, who wore armored vests under athletic uniforms. They were tracked by zoom-lens television cameras from atop the Olympic TV tower, though TV audiences could not hear the strange coded radio messages that accompanied their moves. "Samira to Eagle, the sky is clear." "Akal to 25, take the iron but be careful." Finally the TV channel was switched off altogether on the chance that the Arabs were also watching the stealthy sharpshooters edge up on them. But there were not enough targets to fire at. If a sharpshooter hit one of the Arabs who peered out from time to time his colleagues inside would undoubtedly retaliate against the hostages.

Governments in Motion. Mean-time crowds drawn by the live television and radio reports poured into the area. A German Olympic hostess walked boldly up the street and spotted a guerrilla peering out from a half-open door of the apartment house. "If you give yourselves up," she called to him in English, "nothing will happen." He answered gruffly in the same language: "No." A chorus of a hundred young Jews broke through police cordons and loudly sang the *Hatikvah*, Israel's national anthem, followed by the U.S. civil rights hymn *We Shall Overcome*. "We've got to let them know in there that we are with them, that they're not alone," explained one. The eerie *wah-wah*, *wah-wah* of police sirens echoed everywhere while army helicopters fluttered overhead. The mood inside Olympic Village changed under the stress from *Gemütlichkeit* to outrage. At one point, when a terrorist appeared on a balcony of the Israeli quarters, athletes badgered him from adjacent rooftops: "Take your guns and get out of here."

By then, governments were in motion everywhere, but there was more protocol than practical effect in most of their communications. An exception was Willy Brandt: after a special Cabinet meeting in Bonn, he headed for Munich to guide the decision-making personally. Mrs. Meir, in a ten-minute

address to the Knesset, Israel's Parliament, asked that the Games be suspended—and they were, at 3:45 p.m. She also seemed to hint that Israel was still debating whether or not to release its Arab prisoners, though the decision had already been made not to do so. President Nixon, awakening in San Clemente when it was already early afternoon in Munich, sent an expression of sorrow to Jerusalem and ordered U.S. ambassadors in Arab capitals to press for the release of the hostages.

Reluctantly, Brandt had already made the day's most important decision. He had ruled out completely the possibility of permitting the terrorists to fly away with the prisoners, taking them to what West German authorities were convinced would be certain death. "That would be impossible for an honorable country to allow to happen," said the Chancellor. "We are responsible for the fate of these people."

In Bonn, Foreign Minister Walter Scheel made contact with as many Arab capitals as he could, but he got little assistance or advice. In fact, they made it plain that they did not want to become involved at all. The Tunisian ambassador and an Arab League representative from Bonn unsuccessfully tried to negotiate with the terrorists, who then announced that they would receive no more such emissaries.

Brandt decided to try one more call, to Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. At 8:15 p.m.—10:15 in the Egyptian capital—the Chancellor got through to Sadat's office, but was told that the President would be unavailable for at least 90 minutes. Finally, Brandt was connected to Premier Aziz Sidki, who said tersely, according to Munich reports: "We can do nothing. We do not want to get involved." The Egyptians demurred, they explained later, because they had not been asked to intercede by the guerrillas. They also argued that the Germans had already arranged an ambush when Brandt was talking.

The terrorists, meanwhile, had also been telephoning the Middle East from inside the apartments—and getting no answer. At one point the guerrillas called a fedayeen office in Lebanon, but



GUERRILLA LEADER OUTSIDE APARTMENTS
As the day wore on, the primary target.

it refused to accept the call. To the Germans, that sounded ominously as if the guerrilla movement had written off the Munich attack and was deserting the attackers; if that was true, the Munich Arabs might become even more desperate than they already were.

Interior Minister Genscher reported to Brandt that he could not stall the increasingly edgy terrorists very much longer. Genscher and the Arabs agreed to a new plan. The fedayeen and the hostages would be taken to Munich's airport and flown out on a Lufthansa 727 jet to any place they named. The Arabs selected Cairo as their destination and agreed to a new 7 p.m. deadline.

Both sides had other intentions. A 727 was flown to Fürstenfeldbruck, a West German airbase 16 miles outside Munich. No crew could be found that

was willing to take the plane out again loaded with Arabs and Israelis; that scarcely mattered, since the Germans did not intend to let them leave. Already, plans were under way to transport sharpshooters to Fürstenfeldbruck. The Germans hoped that if the intrinsically white-capped leader of the Arabs could be killed, his followers might surrender. The Arabs, as it turned out, were equally misleading about Cairo. When they finally did reach the airfield, they demanded a crew of eight to take them to a destination that they would reveal only after they were airborne.

At 10 p.m., nearly 18 hours after they had started their assault, the eight guerrillas herded their prisoners, who were now tied together in chain fashion and blindfolded, out of the building and into a gray German army bus.

They were driven through a tunnel under the village to a strip of lawn 275 yards away that had been converted into an emergency helicopter pad. Two choppers took the Arabs and their hostages on a 25-minute ride to Fürstenfeldbruck airport; a third preceded them, carrying German officials and Israeli intelligence men.

The airport had been ringed by 500 soldiers. Sharpshooters were staked out, but, strangely and disastrously, there were only five of them to pick off eight Arabs; the rest had been left at Olympic Village in case the Arabs presented targets of opportunity there.

When the helicopters set down at Fürstenfeldbruck, two Arabs hopped out and walked over to check out the 727. Two more jumped out and, although they had promised not to use

TIME ESSAY

Rescuing Hostages: To Deal or Not To Deal

It has become a universal nightmare. Terrorists strike without warning. Innocent persons—a diplomat, a businessman, a planeload of tourists, a team of Olympic athletes—suddenly become hostages, pawns in a parochial struggle that may be blazing half a world away. The "non-negotiable" demands are issued—for the release of political prisoners, for money, or for passage to another country. Lights go on in the ministries, and the agonizing begins. Is the safety of the hostages to be secured at any cost? Or must their lives be risked to discourage other terrorists and save future victims?

As the recriminations that followed the Munich massacre suggest, the answers are far from clear. While Israel's Premier Golda Meir was thanking Bonn for its desperate efforts, other Israelis were vehemently agreeing with the Tel Aviv daily *Hatzotah* that the whole tragedy might have been avoided had West Germany not "surrendered" in the past to the demands of terrorists; last February, Bonn delivered a cool \$5,000,000 cash ransom to Palestinian hijackers who had taken over an Athens-bound Lufthansa 747 with 186 passengers and crew members and diverted the plane to Aden. For their part, German officials complained that Israel's refusal to release any Arab prisoners had made the botched rescue a vain effort from the start.

Guerrilla groups, bandits and freelance psychopaths in unpredictable varieties have been staging ever more spectacular outrages since 1968, when some enterprising Palestinians pioneered modern-day political extortion by forcing an El Al jet down in Algeria and negotiating the release of 16 Arabs from Israeli jails in return for the lives of twelve Israeli hostages. During the past five years, Palestinian terrorists, Latin American guerrillas, Viet Nam war protesters and common criminals in Europe and the Americas have been responsible for roughly 260 skyjackings and political kidnappings. Their bold forays have brought a Dark Ages gloom to travel and diplomacy in much of the 20th century world. What has been learned about how to deal with them?

Forced to confront the problem through heavy overlays of politics, emotion and history, different countries have found different answers. None have been notably successful. Not counting last week, when it found itself squeezed between Israeli determination and the weight of its own Nazi past, West Germany has seemed most comfortable with the acquiescent approach. Bonn has not forgotten the 1970 kidnapping of its ambassador to Guatemala, Count Karl von Spreti;

he was summarily executed when a one-month-old Guatemalan government that was determined to strike a tough law-and-order posture refused to release 22 jailed Guatemalan terrorists and to allow Germany to pay a \$700,000 ransom.

One recent convert to the relaxed approach is Argentina. Last March, Buenos Aires did not allow Fiat to negotiate with the guerrillas who had kidnapped Oberdan Sallustro, the boss of its operations in Argentina; Sallustro was shot dead. But the government raised no objection last week when the Dutch electronics firm, Philips, paid a reported \$500,000 ransom for the release of its Argentine manager, Jan Johannes van de Panne, who was kidnapped by some 35 guerrillas as he drove to his plant outside Buenos Aires. Evidently the regime has taken a second look at the advice offered by former President Pedro Aramburu before he was kidnapped and killed by Peronist guerrillas in 1970. On the subject of dealing with terrorists, he wrote: "Human lives are the main thing. If there is a way to save them, it should be done, no matter what the cost."

On the other hand, more and more countries are becoming tougher in dealing with terrorists. In the past three years, Brazil's military rulers have flown some 130 jailed leftists out of the country in order to free four kidnapped diplomats (one of them an American). Now, Brazilian officials suggest that they will not be so quick to open the prison gates the next time terrorists grab a foreign diplomat. In the wake of Munich, angry Washington officials were saying that "the U.S. view is now close to that of the Israelis." In a flurry of announcements, the Administration promised special efforts to protect American Jews traveling abroad and to lead a global diplomatic attack on terrorist organizations.

Since August 1969, when it freed 71 imprisoned Arabs at the behest of some guerrillas who seized a Tel Aviv-bound TWA jet with 113 aboard and took it to Damascus, Israel has been the leading advocate of the no-nonsense, no-negotiations approach. With some 500 Arab guerrillas crowding its jails (only Nazi war crimes raise the death penalty in Israel), Israelis argue that the present rash of hijackings and other extortion attempts would quickly become a galloping plague if they answered threats to hostages by releasing prisoners. "We believe that blackmail leads only to more blackmail," says an Israeli foreign-ministry official. "If we release 250 prisoners today that will only encourage the terrorists to demand more prisoners tomorrow. And what would stop them from asking for political ransom? They could kidnap Is-

Germans as hostages, ordered the helicopter crews to get out and stand by their choppers. The sharpshooters—three of them posted in the control tower 40 yards from the helicopters and the other two on the field—had been instructed to fire whenever the Arabs presented the greatest number of targets. The cautious terrorists never exposed more than four of their number at a time. To complicate matters, the local police sharpshooters had turned down infra-red sniperscopes offered by the West German army because they had never been trained to use them. They sighted through regular scopes at a field illuminated by floodlights and stippled by shadows. Nonetheless, one marksman squeezed off a round and the others quickly followed suit.

The two Arabs guarding the helicopter crews were hit, and in the fire-fight that followed one of the pilots was wounded. A third guerrilla on the tar-

mac was killed. But the Arab leader, whom the police wanted to hit most of all, dived under a helicopter and fired back. His shots somehow knocked out the lights as well as the radio in the control tower. Ricocheting bullets also killed a Munich police sergeant who had crouched beside the control tower.

The battle continued sporadically for another hour before five guerrillas, including the leader, were killed and three surrendered. In that interval the hostages died too. One group of four burned to death when a terrorist tossed a grenade and set fire to the helicopter in which they were being held. The rest were machine-gunned by the Arabs.

Rumors spread, however, that the Arabs had been captured and the Israelis had been freed alive. Strangely, the government accepted the rumors without checking them and gave out the good news (see THE PRESS). The world prematurely rejoiced. Even Willy

Brandt went to bed shortly afterward convinced that his men had scored a triumph. In Jerusalem, Israelis celebrated and Mrs. Meir opened a bottle of cognac, ready to propose a toast.

Four hours later, West German authorities finally admitted the truth. Police Chief Schreiber tried to minimize the lag by insisting that "the hostages were as good as dead from the minute the Israeli government refused to hand over prisoners. We only tried to free some of the hostages or possibly all of them, in the event that the terrorists made a mistake."

Schreiber's men had captured three of the fedayeen, two of whom were wounded, but the Germans were not even sure who they were. The names they gave—Samer Mohamed Abdulah, 22; Abed Kair Al Dnaby, 21; and Ibrahim Mosoud Badnar, 20—were more than likely false. Their pictures were flashed on television to see if viewers

raelis somewhere in the world and demand that we get out of the Golan Heights or the West Bank."

The argument against acquiescence is persuasive. Still, there is little to suggest that the tough Israeli approach has discouraged terrorists. Tel Aviv's uncompromising stance did not dissuade a Palestinian guerrilla team from seizing a Sabena jet with 90 passengers at Tel Aviv's Lod International Airport last May and trying to bargain for the release of 117 imprisoned fedayeen. It was sheer luck that only one passenger was killed when Israeli security men stormed into the plane with guns blazing to end the extortion attempt. Three weeks later, a trio of machine-gun toting Japanese radicals working for the fedayeen killed 26 tourists and wounded 85 inside Lod International Airport.

Clearly the choice between the hard and the soft approach will remain a matter of fallible human judgment; and there are no reliable guideposts. But experience is valuable when it comes to dealing with terrorists in the tense minutes and hours before a choice must be made. To those who have studied the patterns, the behavior of the Munich guerrillas was strikingly similar to that of the typical skyjacker—and was thus somewhat predictable.

Dr. David G. Hubbard, a Dallas psychiatrist and expert on air piracy, finds that skyjackers and political terrorists are almost always paranoid schizophrenics with overt suicidal tendencies—a deadly species. "To this kind of mentality," he says, "death is not the ultimate punishment, it is the ultimate reward." As a skyjacker might do in a similar situation, the Munich terrorists unhesitatingly killed the two men who tried to resist when they burst into the Israeli dormitory. But then the terrorists cooled off, again in the skyjacker pattern: they were reluctant to kill again, as long as all concerned were abiding by their rules. Very probably, the Arabs eventually found themselves in the oddly fraternal "We're in this together" bond that often develops between a skyjacker and airliner crew. That bond—broken by the ambush at Fürstfeldbruck—could explain why the terrorists let several deadlines pass during the long ordeal.

Where did the West Germans go wrong? As the experts see it, the mistakes started piling up long before the firing began at the airport. Sending whole platoons of police into the Olympic Village was like giving the terrorists a shot of Adrenalin; paranoiacs are excited by shows of force, not cowed. Willy Brandt should have been kept out of the affair; dueling with a head of state is an enormous ego-builder for a terrorist, who is typically a lifelong loser. It was probably also unwise to offer the Arabs "any amount" of money rather than a specific, plausible sum; a limitless offer might appeal to an ordi-



BRANDT ARRIVING AT OLYMPIC STADIUM FOR MEMORIAL SERVICE

nary man, but it could raise only dark suspicions in the mind of a paranoiac. In general, the German authorities should have tried to minimize the dramatics and simply allowed the terrorists to exhaust themselves. "Had they had any experience in these things," Psychiatrist Hubbard says, "they would have known that the terrorists did not sleep the night before the event. These types never do." If the negotiators had been able to stall until the pre-dawn hours, when humans reach a physiological low point, the terrorists might have yielded—or have been successfully overpowered.

Could technology have come to the rescue? There have been suggestions that a gas of some sort might be used to temporarily incapacitate everyone, terrorists as well as hostages, in an aircraft cabin say, or in an Olympic Village dormitory. But no gas that would be quick acting or effective enough exists; even if one were being developed, it would surely be an object of debate and controversy.

Short of some magical political solution to today's more intractable tribal conflicts, the best hope is for wider psychological understanding of how to deal with the fanatics who insist upon pursuing those conflicts all over the civilized world. Until then, governments will be fumbling through other Munichs—and wondering sorrowfully afterwards how they all happened.

■ Timothy James

THE WORLD

could identify the men and help trace their path to Munich. Black September demanded their release under threat of further atrocities. Reports circulated that police were seeking 14 other Arabs as terrorists.

Official Arab reaction to the events in Munich was diverse. Jordan's King Hussein appeared on Amman television to offer condolences in Arabic and English to bereaved Israeli families. The murders, the King declared, were "an abhorrent crime" conceived by "sick minds." Egypt, on the other hand, blamed Bonn for everything. "The commandos and the Israeli hostages were killed in a German ambush, by German bullets and in a U.S. base in Germany," said a government spokesman, ignoring the fact that Fürstenfeldbruck is a German airbase and that the hostages, according to all evidence, died from fire or automatic weapons like the fedayeen Kalashnikovs, rather than the sharpshooters' rifles.

Sad New Year. Libya offered to send a chartered plane for the bodies of the dead Arabs. Guerrilla leaders were defensive. "They didn't want to kill," said one. "The Israelis wouldn't have been killed if the Germans hadn't trapped the operation. And no one would have been killed if the Israelis had released their prisoners."

In Israel a crowd of 3,000 met the pine coffins of the victims as they arrived at Lod airport aboard a special El Al plane. "Israelis traditionally bury their dead in shrouds, but these were too burned and broken. Deputy Premier Yigal Allon presided in place of Golda Meir. For the Premier, who is 74, the tragedy was compounded by the death of her older sister, Sheineh Korngold, 83, who emigrated from Milwaukee to Israel with her 51 years ago.

As the bodies were borne off for individual services, 4,000 students demonstrated in Jerusalem's Independence Park. *Ma'ariv*, Israel's biggest newspaper, said: "We must cut off the arm of terrorism before it is raised to strike us again." Although Rosh Hashana is the nation's heaviest shopping season, stores were generally deserted. The customary greeting of "Shana Tova" (Happy New Year) was passed with ironic emphasis on the "happy."

In the Knesset, Deputies argued about whether the death penalty should be invoked in Israel, where it has been applied only once, against Adolf Eichmann. As long as captured terrorists remain alive and in jail, goes the argument, they will be an incentive for other terrorists to capture hostages with an eye toward making a trade.

Could the tragedy have turned out differently? Once the basic policy decisions had been made—not to release

Arab prisoners in Israel for the hostages in Munich, not to allow the terrorists to leave the country with their Israeli captives—there was no choice but to try to stop the Black September gang by force. The decision not to trade off prisoners was up to Israel alone. Although the confrontation was in Germany, the hostages were Jews and the West Germans bear such a psychological burden of guilt from the past that they felt they had to defer to Israel. Jerusalem intervened early in the decision-making with telephone calls, cables—and the dispatch of two high Israeli intelligence officers who sat in with the West German government officials from about 2 p.m. until the end. Mrs. Meir later shared the burden with the West Germans, publicly thanking them for their decision "to take action for the liber-

and that failure was compounded by a lack of zeal in the task. Bavarian police were seemingly determined to carry off the ambush without loss of German life, though they were unsuccessful even in that. "If you want to know what I reproach myself for," Schreiber told a press conference afterward, "it is that I had to sacrifice one of my officers." He added quickly, "And that innocent Israeli athlete died." Such an attitude made a bold operation impossible. There was also a question of pride. The Israelis have had considerable experience in dealing with terrorists, but their intelligence men on the scene were allowed only a liaison role.

Impossible Task. German planning, as it turned out, was inadequate—and German caution led to disaster. The five sharpshooters at the airport were expected to stop eight men as rapidly as possible under bad lighting conditions—an impossible task. The small German force of police held back for more than an hour after the first shots were fired. Some of the 500 German soldiers on hand, who were under control of Interior Minister Bruno Merk of the Bavarian government, were being used to control crowds on the perimeter of the airfield. They would have been more usefully employed in assaulting the helicopters. By holding back after committing themselves, the Germans wasted their advantage of surprise.

For the rest of the world, an equally urgent question was whether the Black September brand of violence could be stopped. President Nixon last week formed a special intelligence committee composed of CIA, FBI and State Department experts to cope with international terrorism. Secretary of State Rogers, on Nixon's orders, launched a diplomatic drive to persuade Arab governments to deny sanctuary to the fedayeen. But the guerrillas are popular heroes in many Arab countries, and the Arab governments' range of action is severely limited by the political consequences of a crackdown. The difficulty of concerting international action was demonstrated last week when 17 nations met in Washington to seek agreement on measures against skyjackers—and failed. Even if governments could agree, the Black September gangsters would be hard to eliminate, since they move so stealthily. Quite probably, the world will have to endure more Munichs before it learns how to curb them.

To counter the guerrilla terror, governments everywhere will have to pay far closer attention to security—not only on airliners, as they are learning to do, but at almost any public event or occasion that terrorists could disrupt, as they did the Olympics. Perhaps the ultimate significance of last week's horror in Munich is that the historic, bloody conflict between the Israelis and Arabs has now been exported from the Middle East to the rest of the world, first to Western Europe, and maybe eventually even to the U.S.



WEST GERMAN OFFICIALS AFTER SHOOTOUT*
Mistakes never came.

ation of the Israeli hostages and to employ force to that end."

The final decision to stage an ambush was based on the West German conviction that if the terrorists were allowed to fly out with the hostages, they would shoot their prisoners elsewhere. The Arabs had told them that they would shoot them next morning if Israel had not released its prisoners. That was probably indeed the Black September gang's intent—but there is still room for a nagging doubt. The Arabs, after all, had ignored their own ultimatums and let their deadlines go by before—and the hostages were worth more to them alive than dead. Presumably, the terrorists still wanted to trade their captives for imprisoned comrades.

The real fault was in the bungled execution of the basic decision. The police operation was badly mismanaged,

*From left: Federal Interior Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, Bavarian Interior Minister Bruno Merk, Munich Police Chief Manfred Schreiber.

*The eleventh victim, Weight Lifter David Berger, was a U.S. citizen who had moved to Israel last year. A U.S.A.F. C-141A Starlifter was dispatched to bring his body home hurriedly for burial in Cleveland before the Sabbath, as required by Orthodox law.

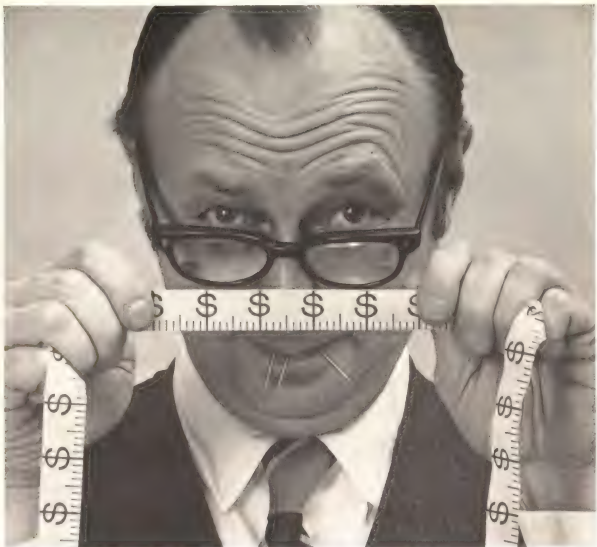


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Black September's Ruthless Few

THE Black September terrorists take their name from the month two years ago when Jordan's King Hussein opened his campaign to crush the Palestinian guerrillas in his country. The group is the latest and most vicious twist in the tortured search by the Palestinians for some means of revenge against Israel. At the same time, Black September, or *Ailul al Awwad* in Arabic, attests to the fact that ordinary guerrilla warfare against Israel, once touted as the hope of the Arabs, has been an abject failure.

That failure was starkly evident to guerrilla leaders who met last week in Damascus, Israel, by expert policing and harsh retaliation, has virtually sealed its borders against them and forced its neighbors to bring the guerrillas under control. The fedayeen are powerless in Jordan, kept on a tight rein in Syria, and restricted in Lebanon. The result is that they have been reduced to occasional random terrorism that is ruthless but scarcely effective in either overthrowing Arab leaders opposed to them or restoring Palestine to Arab control. Some Al Fatah leaders are even talking about investing in nightclubs and laundries as a hedge against the time when contributions may dry up (Saudi Arabia has not paid the organization anything in seven months).

In these circumstances, the bitterest and most extreme of the fedayeen have turned to Black September. It surfaced for the first time last November in Cairo, where four terrorists boldly assassinated Jordanian Premier Wasfi Tell as he entered the Cairo Sheraton Hotel. Tell was a pro-Western Arab interested in negotiating with Israel; his killers are out of jail on bail awaiting a trial that has yet to be scheduled. Since that time, Black September teams have also murdered five Jordanians living in West Germany whom they suspected of spying for Israel; attempted to assassinate Jordan's ambassador to London; and set off damaging explosions in a Hamburg plant making electronic components for sale to Israel, and a Trieste refinery whose crime apparently was processing oil for "pro-Zionist interests" in Germany and Austria. The skyjacking of a Sabena Airlines 707 jet to Israel's Lod Airport by two men and two girls last May was another Black September operation—an unsuccessful attempt to free fedayeen prisoners from Israeli jails. The men were finally shot dead by Israeli commandos;

the girls were captured and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Israeli intelligence agents say that Black September is a part of Al Fatah, founded by that organization's leaders, in response to criticism that they had become too moderate. By pinning the blame on Al Fatah, of course, the Israelis may merely be providing themselves with a visible target for retaliation. But as they detail the structure, the organization consists of 400 to 600 members—U.S. sources put the figure closer to 100—who plan operations, then recruit rank-and-file members of Al Fatah to carry them out. According to the Israelis, the organization is headquartered in Beirut and commanded by



FEDAYEEN LEADER ABU YUSUF
Mostly a state of mind.

one Mohammed Yusif Najjar, otherwise known as Abu Yusuf, who is a former top intelligence officer of Al Fatah. The Israelis claim that it is divided into four main units that are variously responsible for Europe, the Middle East, Africa and the Americas—where Black September has not yet struck.

Fedayeen leaders in Beirut insist, to the contrary, that Black September is less an organization than a state of mind. It has no flag, no symbol, no offices. Its leaders are shadowy, constantly shifting and unknown. Members are drawn from all guerrilla groups and become known only when they are killed or captured. This of course may well be a self-serving defensive explanation to avoid Israeli retribution. Since they began to brag about operations against Israel, leaders of the rival Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine have fallen victim to mysterious attacks. One,

Ghassan Kanafani, was blown to bits along with his niece, in Beirut in July, as he started his car. Israeli agents are suspected of planting the explosive.

Black September's first leader was Ali Abu Iyad (real name Mohammed Mustafa Shein), a deputy of Al Fatah Boss Yasser Arafat. Iyad was wounded, captured and executed in July 1971 after a firefight between guerrillas and Hussein's army. But probably the organization's best-known leader was Fuad Shemali, a Lebanese Christian who masterminded some of the group's earlier operations before he died of cancer last month. Shemali left posthumous instructions to the terrorists to concentrate on kidnapping Israelis held in high esteem by Israelis themselves. He mentioned scholars, scientists and athletes.

Terror for Export. Black September has been difficult to combat partly because its members operate in extremely small cells. It gets its money from Al Fatah—which is largely unwritten these days by Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi—as well as directly from other governments and wealthy Palestinians. Whether Arafat knows what goes on is a closely held secret. Many young commandos now consider Arafat a reactionary, and they may deliberately ignore him when laying their plans. Associates say that Arafat was genuinely surprised and upset when he was told of the assassination of Wasfi Tell—though that could have been an act to deflect criticism from himself.

One of the more frightening aspects of Black September is its ability to export terror. "They will hit anything anywhere if they believe the target is sensitive," says a fedayeen leader. Septemberists, moreover, take pains to point out that "anywhere" includes the U.S. More than that, Black September's planners and operatives are tougher and smarter than guerrillas have generally been in the past. They are frequently the products of the refugee camps in Jordan and Gaza, where more than a million Palestinians still live—and teach their children to hate Israel. Many went to the American University of Beirut and some are at present enrolled in European universities.

One Arab who understands the new terror—and deplores it—is Cairo Editor Mohammed Hassanein Heikal. Observing in Rome last week, Heikal cautioned: "Unfortunately, when people are desperate, they behave desperately. Many fedayeen have reached the point of desperation where they are determined not to permit the world one day's peace. The fedayeen are curbed for the moment, but they have more manpower, are better armed and better trained than ever before. The quality of their men is better, they are dedicated and perfectly willing to die if necessary. Those boys in Munich were prepared to kill. But they were also prepared to die." That kind of dedication adds a new dimension to terror that even the astute Israelis may have trouble handling.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Another My Lai?

O, the impregnable Koreans...

*The Koreans are marching after us.
We are hiding while they attack us.
The sound, that sound of the mighty
Koreans.*

—Poem attributed to a Communist soldier killed in Viet Nam.

Since they arrived in South Viet Nam seven years ago, South Korean troops have gained a reputation as the toughest and meanest of the allied forces. Off duty, they arm-wrestle and break layers of bricks with a single karate-like chop. In battle they are fierce, frightening the peasants by the zeal with which they patrol their zones of operation, which are mainly in the central coastal region and include vital sections of Highways 1, 19 and 21. It is an area that is considered "hostile"; much of it continues to be controlled by the Viet Cong. Even at this late date, the overextended South Vietnamese badly need the combat support of the ROK forces.*

As with other foreign troops, particularly the Americans, the Koreans' lack of understanding of local customs has contributed to suspicious and mistrustful relations with the Vietnamese. Rumors abound of incidents in which Korean soldiers brutalized the civilians—for example, by wiping out entire hamlets in retaliation for losing a single soldier to a Viet Cong sniper. One of the few incidents to be confirmed was in October 1969, when eyewitnesses

said that they saw uniformed Koreans enter a temple in Phan Rang and murder four Buddhist monks. The South Vietnamese government absolved the Koreans, saying that a captured Communist soldier had confessed that he and some comrades had dressed in Korean uniforms and killed the monks.

Last week new charges of Korean atrocities were reviewed. A Lower House Deputy, Nguyen Cong Hoang, one of the representatives of Phu Yen province, had prompted an official investigation several weeks ago into a My Lai-type massacre that reportedly occurred in his province on July 31. On that day, troops of the First Battalion of the "Tiger" Division's 26th Regiment were conducting a mopping-up operation. As the troops passed near Phu Long hamlet, they were fired upon by small arms. A platoon leader and a sergeant were killed. The Koreans dug in and, with the approval of the district chief, called for artillery and gunship support. When most of the houses in the hamlet had been demolished, the troops entered and "secured" the area. Among the dead: 21 civilians.

Passionate Stories. Beyond those simple facts, the events at Phu Long are disputed. The Koreans say that the civilians were killed in the artillery fire. But the villagers contend that they survived the battle by hiding in bunkers. After it was over, they say, Korean soldiers came into the village and murdered the 21 people. Tom Fox of TIME's Saigon bureau visited the province last week. "When they gather to tell their story, they speak with passion," he called. "Each fights to let a visitor hear his or her own story. 'Tell him everything!' someone says. 'Let him know exactly what happened,' adds another. Tears come to the eyes of the women as they speak."

"The soldiers called Ba Truoc to come out of her hut," a twelve-year-old girl told Fox. "She came out slowly

with her baby in her arms. She stood in front of the hut, and they shot them dead." Then a woman told how six Korean soldiers took the prettiest girl in the hamlet, 16-year-old Nguyen Thi Sang, and forced her behind a small hut, where they raped her as she screamed. Then they shot and killed her.

Another woman recalled that she was leaving the village with her elderly mother. The soldiers asked the woman where her husband was. She replied that he was in Tuy Hoa, the capital of the province. They let her pass but detained her mother. Minutes later she heard shots ring out. Her mother, along with a group of others, had been killed.

Hamlet officials are reluctant to take sides. But at least one member of the Phu Yen province council privately supports the villagers' charges. "The Koreans overreacted. They got mad, moved in and went after the people," he said. "It's understandable and regrettable. But what does one say?"

A six-man commission of investigators—three from the Saigon government and three Koreans—has completed a report on the charges. Although the report has not been officially released, its contents have become known in Saigon. It acknowledges the deaths of the civilians but finds insufficient evidence that they were executed. Said Lieut. Colonel Chung Yuk Jin, press spokesman for the Korean command: "If there were villagers killed in the hamlet, they were killed by artillery, stray bullets or the gunships—not by Korean troops." Why would the survivors lie about the incident? "This hamlet has been controlled by the Communists for more than 20 years," argued Chung. "All the relatives and families belong to or are sympathetic to the Viet Cong." Chung's assertion is one hauntingly familiar to American soldiers: how to tell the difference between the Viet Cong and the people.

Thunderbolt from Thieu

In the wake of Communist gains in the Easter offensive, South Viet Nam's National Assembly last June reluctantly granted President Nguyen Van Thieu the power to rule by decree for six months. Thieu lost no time in issuing a series of tough decrees that, among other things, increased the income tax rate, set the death penalty for certain crimes, including kidnapping and heroin dealing, subjected some religious groups to the draft, and ordered Saigon's 40 newspapers to deposit 20 million piasters (\$46,512) each as security against government fines or libel suits.

The eleventh and latest decree, quietly issued in August over the largely ceremonial signature of Premier Tran Thien Khiem, came to light last week. It is potentially the most important yet and, in the opinion of many critics, destroys any semblance of grass-roots democracy left in South Viet Nam.

What Thieu has done is abolish elec-

SOUTH KOREAN MARINES CHARGING ASHORE DURING COMBAT ASSAULT (1971)



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General Electric has introduced a lot of new ideas for homes. Self-cleaning ovens, garbage disposers. And now, new ideas in homes themselves.

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PRESIDENT NGUYEN VAN THIEU
Weeding grass roots.

tions in Viet Nam's 10,626 hamlets. Henceforth province chiefs, all of whom are appointed by Saigon, will choose hamlet officials. The province chiefs will also appoint—without the approval of elected village councils, which has heretofore been required—the staff and administrative officers in every hamlet and village in the country. The effect of the decree is to extend Thieu's control right down to the level where most Vietnamese make their most immediate—and sometimes their only—contact with government.

Saigon explains the abolition of hamlet elections as a means of tightening administration and providing more effective services. But, as usual in Viet Nam, the real explanation is more complex. Since the Easter offensive began, a number of hamlet chiefs have made accommodations with the Communists. The new decree will permit Thieu to appoint more loyal replacements. More important, this decree, along with the others, will strengthen his hand for the rough-and-tumble politicking that undoubtedly would follow a cease-fire (the North Vietnamese have repeatedly insisted that any cease-fire agreement must include Thieu's removal). Indeed, Thieu has secretly appointed a commission to prepare bargaining positions for his government in cease-fire negotiations.

The U.S. Government, which claims it was not consulted in advance on Thieu's thunderbolt, nevertheless tried to put a good face on the situation. In Washington, State Department Spokesman Charles W. Bray conceded the need for stability "at the extreme local level" during the offensive. Other Americans were less sanguine, pointing out that democracy in South Viet Nam has usually been mere window dressing for the benefit of Westerners. All Thieu has done now, said one Foreign Service officer at the U.S. embassy in Saigon, is to "take the glove off the iron fist."

EUROPE

Down and Out in London or Elsewhere

An American lady vacationing in Italy seeks advice at the American consulate in Florence. She gets a crisp brush-off from a pompous young vice consul. "I pay your salary, young man," she protests, but in vain. That scene in Olivia de Havilland's 1962 movie, *Light in the Piazza*, often evokes a knowing chuckle from seasoned American travelers. U.S. consuls have a reputation—sometimes deserved, frequently not—of being coldly impervious to fellow citizens in distress. Now that the expanding but unreliable charter-flight business is leaving a growing number of travelers high and dry (TIME, Sept. 4), the question of the consuls' responsibilities is more pressing than ever.

Britons to the Rescue. Two weeks ago, 122 Americans found themselves stranded for four days at London's Gatwick Airport. The Daedalus Travel Agency in New York, bookers of their charter flight, had failed to provide a plane for the return trip. When the Americans sent a deputation to the U.S. embassy, they were "totally disillusioned," in the words of Ruth Jacobs, a tourist from Queens, N.Y. "The embassy was adamantly opposed to giving us aid or getting us out of there." Eventually Britons came to the rescue. The British Social Service dispensed cash for food. The Grosvenor Hotel put the travelers up for a night in \$20-a-day rooms without charge, and British Caledonian Airways and Wimpy International Ltd., a hamburger chain, chartered a plane and flew them home free.

On the other hand, when 80 travelers were stranded in Moscow last week by an overbooked regular flight on Aeroflot, the twelve Americans involved had a very different experience. The U.S. and British consuls painstakingly negotiated with Aeroflot to fly the strandeers out the next evening—although not before the travelers, who had no transit visas, spent several hours locked up in their hotel. When the U.S. consul went to convey the good news, he was besieged by angry Japanese who claimed that they were ignored by their consul. "A novel experience for an American consul," he commented.

While a consul's primary role is to assist Americans abroad, there are a great many misconceptions about his powers. If the State Department gives prior approval, a consul can aid a strandeer by making a repatriation loan for the price of a return ticket, plus a small subsistence allowance—both on condition that the strandeer surrender his passport. The State Department then holds the passport until the loan is repaid. In practice, only the mentally ill, the seriously injured, the infirm, the aged and "those with a hardship story good enough to make strong men weep," to

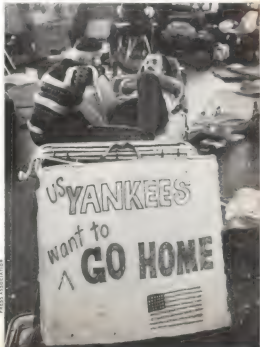
quote a longtime observer, have any hope of being repatriated.

A big U.S. embassy like the one in Paris arranges between ten and 25 repatriations a year. Other cases are referred to the American Aid Society, an organization run by U.S. and French businessmen. In Japan, the Columbia Society of Yokohama lends Americans a helping hand with small loans and emergency cash. When visitors run afoul of local laws and regulations, embassy legal staffs are required to respond. But as an American resident in Tokyo puts it: "They don't break any track records going to the rescue."

Sympathy and concern aside, a consul's ability to help is limited by State Department policy. "You'll have to prove destitution before the embassy can help," said a department spokesman last week. "And if you're flying around Europe on vacation, it's hard to prove destitution." He has a point. Still, even a careful traveler can find himself in dire emergencies through no fault of his own—because of sudden illness, strikes, or loss or theft of his money.

As the London *Sunday Telegraph* put it last week: "Surely it is time that Washington caught up with the tides of modern travel. Millions of tourists these days exist on tight budgets. When unexpected disaster hits them, they become at least temporarily destitute, and that ought to be enough to stir any parent government into action, especially the richest one in the world." Indeed, in a day when much of the world's business is conducted on credit and millions of people travel, the State Department definition of an emergency, written decades ago, may be in need of review. Businessmen the world over recognize Americans as good credit risks; perhaps Washington should do the same.

STRANDED AMERICANS AT GATWICK AIRPORT



PEOPLE

Perhaps an ex-prisoner is just the person to deal with prisoners. That seemed to be the idea when former Teamsters Union President **James R. Hoffa**, paroled from a federal penitentiary last December after serving nearly five years for jury tampering and mail fraud, tried to go to North Viet Nam to seek the release of P.O.W.s. The not-entirely-altruistic reason: Hoffa hoped that the Government might lift his own parole restrictions if the P.O.W.s were released. Secretary of State **William P. Rogers**, who until last week had not been privy to the plan, firmly disapproved.

PRINCE CHARLES & LUCIA



Discomfited by the utterances of such Asian tourists as **Jane Fonda** and former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark**, Rogers had Hoffa's validation for travel to North Viet Nam voided on a technicality: "Private American citizens should not be involved in negotiations," said Rogers.

The pretty blonde was the guest of **Queen Elizabeth II**. But clearly **Prince Charles**, 23, had suggested that his mother invite Lucia Santa Cruz, 27, daughter of former Chilean Ambassador Victor Santa Cruz, for a weekend visit to the royal home in Aberdeenshire. After the holiday, Lucia accompanied the Prince overnight on the train from Aberdeenshire to London's King's Cross Station. To reporters' questions, Lucia declared: "There is no romantic attachment between us." Then, with the deference due Royalty, she walked a proper few yards behind the Prince to a waiting royal limousine, and they were whisked away.

"I have long cherished a desire to visit the United States and to meet and learn to know her people," Japan's Emperor **Hirohito** told United Press Correspondent Wilfred Fleisher in 1921. "I greatly regret that I am unable to carry out my wishes on this occasion, but since it is only a fortnight's trip from Japan to the United States, I hope it will only be a deferred pleasure." Hirohito's pleasure has been deferred for 51 years, but the trip is less formidable these days. So the Emperor, now 71, plans to accept **President Nixon's** invitation to visit the U.S. in 1973. Said Hirohito in a rush of nostalgia: "I would like to keep my promise."

The status—and income—of chess masters continue to soar. Up in Iceland, a relaxed and happy **Bobby Fischer**

er feasted on suckling pig, sipped a sinister-sounding potion called Viking's Blood, danced with a pretty blonde named **Anna Thorsteinsdottir**, and uncharacteristically arrived ten minutes early for a meeting with Iceland's President **Kristján Eldjárn**. The world chess champion's chief worry, in fact, was how severely lawsuits would deplete the \$154,687.50 purse he won for trouncing Russia's **Boris Spassky**. No matter. With offers flooding in (endorsements, book rights, exhibitions), Bobby's possible earnings could easily top the \$1,000,000 mark. In parting, Fischer gave Spassky a camera, said he would welcome a rematch "if the prize pool is high enough." Meanwhile, back in New York, Chess Master **Shelby Lyman** mused over his own sudden stardom after acting as host for National Educational Television's coverage of the Reykjavik tournament. Lyman, who until recently lived in a \$50-a-month cold-water flat and who earned only about \$4,000 for his video stint, figures to make about \$100,000 or so this year from books, lectures and personal appearances. Said he happily: "Now a top chess teacher will be able to command what a top psychiatrist gets."

At Bunny Collector **Hugh Hefner's** million-dollar hutch in Los Angeles, a hundred or so guests, including **Warren Beatty**, **Robert Culp** and **Peter Sellers** had watched a screening of *The Godfather* beside the swimming pool. Some stayed on to play backgammon, sip their drinks and kibitz. In another part of the pad, the action suddenly erupted into violence. Four intruders slipped through a gate in Hefner's electrified fence, bumped into a chauffeur and were challenged. Drawing knives, they attacked the chauffeur. When a guard saw the assault on a closed-circuit TV screen and rushed to help, he too was stabbed. Other employees joined the melee. Result: four intruders and their driver caught, both guard and chauffeur hospitalized.

BOBBY FISCHER & ANNA



TRICIA NIXON COX WITH ROGER



"Gentlemen," chirped a girlish voice, "start your engines!" At the third annual California 500 in Ontario, Calif., the racing cars roared, bystanders gawked and pit lizards—the racing scene's version of groupies—quivered with anticipation. Despite the forceful command from **Tricia Nixon Cox**, it rained so hard that the whole thing had to be postponed for two hours. Besides her husband **Edward Cox**, among the aficionados were **Otis Chandler**, **Candice Bergen**, **Paul Newman** (who has a hot-rod engine hidden beneath his Volkswagen's middle-class bustle) and **Barry Goldwater** (who arrived and departed via helicopter). For Tricia, a highlight of the day was awarding the trophy to Winner **Roger McCluskey**, who then planted a hearty kiss on her cheek. "She does look nice," admitted a model, admiring Tricia's sleeveless print dress. "That's something I'd wear to church. If I went to church."

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Kool Longs 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. 17

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It's operated by a simple on/off light switch on the wall, and the station and volume could be changed only if somebody wanted to make a 15-foot climb. So it's been switched on at the same volume, same station, every working day for 26 years. And it's still working.

Reprinted from
The Evening Bulletin April 18, 1972

26 years and no one changed the dial. They could have, but didn't.

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What Schools Cannot Do

It has been a traditional American belief that doing well in school can help even the poorest and most culturally disadvantaged child achieve economic success. But can it? Not according to Harvard Sociologist Christopher Jencks. In a book to be published next month, *Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America* (Basic Books, Inc.; \$12.50), Jencks asserts that schools do almost nothing to close the gap between rich and poor. Moreover, he argues, the quality of the education that public elementary and high school students receive has little effect on their future income.

That conclusion alone would provoke angry debate among educators, but in reaching it, Jencks makes many other astonishing assertions as well. His book seems destined to be the most controversial educational topic of the season, despite its jargon-laden prose and myriad detailed footnotes. "A fact for nearly every occasion," quips Jencks, and he adds cheerfully: "I think it's safe to assume that we will be decried on all sides."

Jencks draws part of his data from the survey of 4,000 public schools and 645,000 students directed by Johns Hopkins Sociologist James Coleman, who concluded in 1966 that the quality of a school has little to do with how well its students learn. Jencks agrees: "The character of a school's output depends largely on a single input, namely the characteristics of the entering children," he writes. "Everything else—the school budget, its policies, the characteristics of the teachers—is either secondary or completely irrelevant."

In fact, Jencks believes that schools "serve primarily as selection and cer-

tification agencies, whose job is to measure and label people, and only secondarily as socialization agencies, whose job is to change people." The reason, he says, is that schools cannot control the factors that most determine test scores: heredity and home environment. Jencks believes that genes play a significant role in determining IQ, though he does not assign to them the overwhelming importance found by Berkeley Psychologist Arthur Jensen. Just how do genes influence the IQ? Only partly by predetermining the ability to learn, says Jencks. Genes also affect the environment in which a child develops, a factor ignored by traditional methods of estimating genetic influences. "If, for example, a nation refuses to send

children with red hair to school, the genes that cause red hair can be said to lower reading scores. This does not tell us that children with red hair cannot learn to read."

Jencks' book particularly challenges all of the nostrums that have been tried over the past decade in an effort to make educational opportunity equal in America. He finds no reason to believe that spending more money will greatly improve the quality of schooling. As evidence, he reports that children who attend elementary schools with high budgets probably gain no more than a five-point advantage on standard tests over those enrolled in low-budget schools. Differences among public high schools affect their students even less. "Almost every high school has some dropouts, some students who take a diploma but do not attend college, and some students who enter college." With surprisingly little variation between schools, the ratio of those groups to one another is now about 1 to 2 to 2, according to Jencks.

Income. Jencks doubts the value of school integration when judged purely by academic achievement. The average white child scores about 15 points higher on both IQ and achievement tests than the average black child. Desegregation helps the black children raise their scores, but only if they go to school with white children from better backgrounds than theirs. In that case the gain might be 20% or 30%, according to Jencks' calculations. One major shortcoming in his book, however, is that there are no large-scale studies on the effects of school desegregation in the South. Therefore Jencks' conclusions are at best tentative.

"There is a general trend in the country to ask what went wrong in the '60s," says Jencks, "and this book is part of that." Specifically, the federal strategy "to try to give everyone entering the job market or any other competitive arena comparable skills" had to fail.



SOCIOLOGIST CHRISTOPHER JENCKS

Sampler from Jencks' *Inequality*

It seems quite shocking that white workers earn 50% more than black workers. But we are even more disturbed by the fact that the best paid fifth of all white workers earns 600% more than the worst paid fifth. From this viewpoint, racial inequality looks almost insignificant.

Poverty is not primarily hereditary. While children born into poverty have a higher than average chance of ending up poor, there is still an enormous amount of economic mobility from one generation to the next. Indeed, there is nearly as much economic inequality among brothers raised in the same homes as in the general population. This means that inequality is re-created anew in each generation, even among people who start life in essentially identical circumstances.

There is almost as much economic inequality among those who score high on standardized tests as in the general population.

All school surveys show that children with affluent parents want more education than children with poor parents, even when we compare individuals with the same test scores and grades. This is apparent as early as the ninth grade.

If tracking [placing slow learners in slow classes, fast learners in fast] affects test scores at all, the effect is too small to be pedagogically significant. Nobody knows when tracking will produce one effect and when it will produce another.

If America were suddenly to create a system in which new recruits to the upper middle class were selected entirely on the basis of test scores, one upper-middle-class child in three would be able to maintain his or her parents' privileges. The idea that tests serve mainly to maintain the privileges of the economic elite is exaggerated.

If people do not want to attend school or college, an egalitarian society ought to accept this as a legitimate decision and give these people subsidized job training, subsidized housing, or perhaps simply a lower tax rate.



KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN IN INTEGRATED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN GARDENA, CALIF.
"It's safe to assume that we will be decried on all sides."

Even if all children could be made to score equally well on tests, the result would do little to erase economic inequality. For example, two people with equal schooling, IQ and family background often have widely differing incomes. At least 75% of the variation, Jencks believes, "must be due either to luck or to subtle, unmeasured differences in personality and on-the-job competence." Thus, he says, "instead of accepting the myth that test scores are synonymous with 'intelligence' and that 'intelligence' is the key to economic success, we would do better to recognize that economic success depends largely on other factors."

Jencks wants to tackle economic inequality directly. He suggests that the Government might force employers to make the wages of their best- and worst-paid workers more equal, pay income supplements to the poor or even provide them with more free public services. Congress is unlikely to adopt this approach. "But that does not mean it is the wrong strategy," Jencks writes. "It simply means that until we change the premises on which most Americans now operate, poverty and inequality of opportunity will persist at pretty much their present level."

Equations. Critics have already raised serious questions about Jencks' methods and conclusions. Most telling is the argument that his way of analyzing data is faulty. Financed by \$750,000 in grants, primarily from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, Jencks worked for three years with seven collaborators at Harvard's Center for Educational Policy Research. The team gathered almost no new data, depending instead on hundreds of existing studies that vary widely in scope and method.

To weave together the scattered data and reach his conclusions, Jencks employed a sophisticated statistical technique called "path" analysis, which has long been used by researchers in genetics and biology but only recently in

sociology. For this book it involved programming a computer with a chain of mathematical equations embodying the variables that Jencks assumed influence economic success—among them family background and education. The computer then gave back estimates of the relative importance of each variable. If any one of the assumptions were wrong or if a factor were missing, it could throw off at least some of the conclusions. Admits Jencks: "It's beguiling to assume that because you've fitted a very complicated world into your assumptions that they are right. In fact, path analysis tells you nothing about how good they are."

Jencks, of course, believes that both his assumptions and his conclusions are correct. Other scholars, however, have doubts. Says Berkeley Education Professor James Guthrie: "We are just beginning to learn what questions to ask in education, let alone coming to any conclusions. Moreover, the data on which Jencks bases his conclusions are so frail, so faulty, as not to justify any public policy position." Adds Stanford Education Professor Henry Levin: "We have only the crudest understanding of the actual forces creating differences in people's abilities. It's like analyzing what is beauty. You can study fingerprints and knuckles, but this would have nothing to do with the overall concept of beauty."

In addition, critics like Guthrie see Jencks' findings as "political dynamite" that is likely to be misused by politicians as an excuse for giving up on the schools. Jencks agrees. "It's a message a lot of people want to hear pieces of," he says, and adds with a trace of bitterness: "If, as we argue in this book, intellectual and moral experiments on children have little effect on adult life, many people are likely to lose interest in schools. Children per se do not interest them very much."

The book also has its strong defenders, for example Harvard Urbanologist

EDUCATION

Daniel Patrick Moynihan. "All new information is thought to be threatening at first," he says. Harvard Sociologist Daniel Bell calls *Inequality* "an argument both against silted American myths and vulgarized Marxism," and Yale Psychologist Edward Zigler, former director of the U.S. Office of Child Development, agrees that "we've been sold a bill of goods. School people keep saying we should do more, whereas the real wave of the future is for schools to do less and let other social institutions play a larger role."

Vices. At 35, Jencks is accustomed to scholarly debate. Reared in a vigorously intellectual home in Baltimore, he graduated from Exeter and Harvard, studied at the Harvard Graduate School of Education and at the London School of Economics. He never earned a doctoral degree and, as a result, he says, "I have all the vices of an autodidact: thinking you can make sense of more of the world than most scholars think."

Except for two years as a writer for the *New Republic*, Jencks has spent his career as an activist scholar. At Washington's Institute for Policy Studies in 1965, he helped devise what in watered-down form became the Teacher Corps, which recruits and trains teachers for slum schools. Soon afterward, he collaborated with Sociologist David Riesman on *The Academic Revolution*, which accused research-oriented American universities of smothering diversity in education. Out of one chapter of that book grew the questions that led to *Inequality*. While writing *Inequality*, Jencks also found time to develop for the Office of Economic Opportunity the controversial voucher system of school financing, which will be tested in a school district in San Jose, Calif., this year.

Jencks has been twice married and divorced (his second wife was the *Ms.* and *New York* feminist writer Jane O'Reilly). He cares little for teaching or administration, being chiefly interested in new ideas, which he spins out almost continuously. Even while reading the final galley of *Inequality*, he was making computer runs of data to double-check possible new interpretations. His next project will be a two-year, Carnegie-financed study of alternative ways of bringing up children, which will be conducted at the Cambridge Institute, a think tank he helped found.

It is ironic that Jencks, who strongly favors integration and school reform, should author a book that is likely to be misinterpreted as an argument against both. Jencks fervently wants schools to be stimulating, inviting and open to any students who want to attend them. His reason is not, however, that such schools may reduce inequality among their alumni in later years. Promising this leads, in the long run, to disillusionment. Good schools can be more than justified, Jencks says, on the grounds that they make life better for children and teachers right now.



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THE PRESS

Plague on Both Houses

Only last spring it looked as if the script for Campaign 1972 would include as a subplot a nonstop firefight between the Administration and much of the press. If George McGovern won the Democratic nomination, it seemed then, he would certainly enjoy favorable treatment at the hands of many columnists and reporters. So far, however, that has not happened; disenchantment with McGovern has drawn tough criticism even from sources that are ostensibly sympathetic to his candidacy. Though attacks on Richard Nixon have been harsher, the White House hardly needs to seek fresh quarrels with the media. The President not only has a huge lead in the opinion polls but is enjoying the spectacle of the press giving McGovern his share of lumps.

Columnist Joseph Kraft seemed to speak for a number of antiwar liberals last week when he wrote: "The basic fact is that the country is faced with an unhappy choice." With Nixon representing the Republican right and McGovern the Democratic left, Kraft observed, there are "no good options. The middle ground of American politics has been torn to tatters." Moreover, he added, McGovern's "performance in the campaign continues to raise questions about his capacity to govern." New York Times Columnist Tom Wicker, a Nixon critic of long standing, has not been quite so stern, but he called attention last week to "a long McGovern summer of fumbles and foolishness."

Wry Note. Reporters have compiled a long list of black marks against McGovern: his early waffling on welfare and wealth-distribution, his inept handling of the Eagleton affair, disension within his own campaign organization, and contradictory statements that called his credibility into question. When McGovern came up with new tax proposals two weeks ago, David Broder noted wryly in the Washington Post that the candidate had "interrupted his devastatingly effective effort to discredit himself as a presidential contender." "McGovern's problem these days," wrote Bob Healy in the Boston Globe, "is that he does not know what he wants to say, how to say it, and with what kind of constituency he wants to be identified."

Arthur Schlesinger Jr., one of McGovern's staunchest defenders, has questioned the ability of what he calls "conventional-minded political reporters" to understand the McGovern campaign. Indeed, the press seems to have gone through three separate phases with McGovern's candidacy. Until Edmund Muskie faltered in the primaries, reporters generally consigned McGovern to also-ran status and paid little attention to his ideas. Then coverage focused on

the organizational wonders of his nomination drive. During that period, observed the *Christian Science Monitor's* Godfrey Sperling, McGovern was getting a "free ride" from a largely uncritical press. Finally, the fare went up during the California primary, when journalists joined Hubert Humphrey in picking at McGovern's specific proposals and finding fault with them.

That criticism, together with massive coverage of the Eagleton gaffe, led the Administration to declare a ceasefire on the press. Through the spring, leading Republicans had been attacking the media—and especially TV (TIME, May 29). Signals changed abruptly in July when the new Spiro T. Agnew announced that "discussion based on reason and public interest" was preferable to "harangue and cliché." Said White House Communications Director Herbert Klein: "I don't anticipate any concerted effort to get on the press in a general way."

Other Cheek. So far, the truce has been unilateral; journalists who have vexed the Administration all along are continuing to chastise Nixon. The New York Times editorial on Nixon's acceptance speech was captioned "Call to Fear," and Columnist James Reston wrote that if the address was "any indication of the future, we are in for four more years of mistrust and division." The Chicago Daily News' Peter Lisagor said that the main ingredient of Nixon's "basic speech" is a "series of 'appliance lines,' a euphemism of sorts for words and ideas that stir the passions and prejudices, and hopefully the judgment, of the listener."

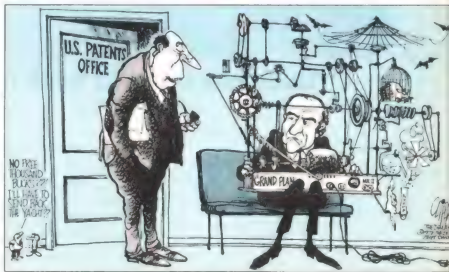
The White House can afford to turn the other cheek to that sort of thing. Already the endorsements of Nixon-Agnew have started to roll in, not only

from such predictable publications as the New York Daily News and National Review but also from the San Francisco Examiner, which backed Humphrey four years ago. They are bound to outnumber those for Nixon in 1968. But both the New York Times and the Washington Post are expected to swallow their disappointment and support McGovern by Election Day, if only because they could hardly feel comfortable in the company of Richard Nixon.

One major newspaper announced last week that it would not endorse any candidate for any office this year. Long Island's Newsday (cir. 440,000) termed the endorsing tradition "obsolete" and cited four reasons for its decision: 1) "A newspaper's primary ob-



"Keep the lid on till after the election."



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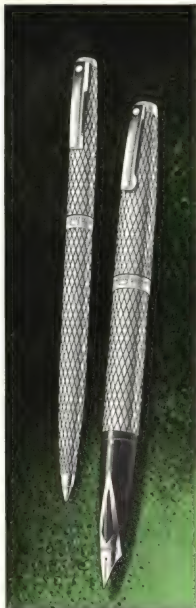
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THE PRESS

litation is not to tell its readers whom to vote for but to give them the kind of information they need to make thoughtful choices"; 2) "To avoid even the appearance of bias"; 3) "If we endorse a candidate and he wins, it could make it harder for us to maintain our independence and do our job properly"; and 4) "We were struck by the outcry earlier this summer when the executive board of the Newspaper Guild, declared the union in support of McGovern. If it is ill-advised for a union that represents some newsmen to endorse a presidential candidate, isn't it equally ill-advised for a publisher to do the same?"

Confusion in Munich

In Europe headlines announced the release of the Munich hostages, and in Israel people went to bed thinking that they had been saved. Millions of Americans who watched early-evening TV news programs on Tuesday came away with the impression that the athletes had been rescued. In a world of instantaneous communications, everyone knows the news—even when it is false. Rarely in recent years has a single news event been so misreported to so many people as the murders in Munich.

Still, it is difficult to put much of the blame on newsmen. Indeed many reporters, barred from the climactic scene, hesitated when word of the captives' safe release first came from the Bavarian state police, who were responsible for security at the airport in Fürstenfeldbruck. A few journalists were apparently misled when a local pub owner, Ludwig Pollack, passed a rumor near the airport gate that the terrorists had been seized; from this it was inferred that the hostages were safe. But it was only after receiving confirmation from Conrad Ahlers, official spokesman for the West German government, that many reporters sent firm—and wrong—stories out to the world.

Charles Bietry, a reporter for *Agence France Presse*, was the first to send out the correct, tragic news after talking with Georg Kronawitter, the mayor of Munich. A.F.P. moved that report at 9:13 p.m. New York time, allowing the *New York Times* to be accurate in its first edition (part of the first run of the *Washington Post* reported the hostages rescued; the *Post* had earlier arranged to get A.F.P. service, but the teleprinter did not arrive until the next morning). U.S. television networks do not subscribe to A.F.P. During the official press conference, which began at about 10 p.m. E.D.T., other reporters learned of the killings and *Deutsche Presse-Agentur*, the German press agency, corrected its earlier false report with a bulletin: "Alle Geiseln getötet."

Chicago Style. Up to that point, the coverage of the tragedy had been an exercise in frustration, particularly for the TV networks, which were trying to provide up-to-the-minute reports. At the Olympic Village, newsmen were

kept away from Building 31, where the Israelis were being held. Later, at the airport, armed guards accompanied by attack dogs kept reporters and cameras outside the 61-ft. fence.

ABC, which had won coverage rights to the Olympic Games, started with a clear edge over its competitors. It had both a staff on the scene and a near monopoly of the transatlantic satellite. Thus it was ironic that ABC, which does not normally air network programs before noon, was the last of the TV networks to broadcast the initial news of the terrorist raid.

After that, ABC's Jim McKay, ordinarily an overeffusive sportscaster, managed a restrained, effective tone, and Peter Jennings, the network's Middle East correspondent—who had himself been held captive by Arab guerrillas for a few hours in May 1971—provided valuable background infor-

BYRON CLARKE



GERMAN POLICE FENDING OFF NEWSMAN
False news travels fast.

mation. Borrowing some lessons from old-style Chicago journalism, John Wilcox, a film producer for ABC Sports, donned a T shirt, U.S. track-team jacket and track shoes to sneak past the guards at Olympic Village and position himself in an apartment opposite Building 31. From his hidden vantage point, he radioed reports on the activities of the Germans and the terrorists.

One oddity of the network coverage was a silly feud over use of the satellite. CBS asked for pool use of ABC's picture from Munich and was turned down. Ti for tat, CBS refused to allow pool coverage later on when it had exclusive signals from the satellite. Eventually, executives at both networks decided that they had had enough and agreed on joint picture coverage for the remaining hours of the drama. At that point NBC joined the pool. Even so, the networks during the long afternoon ran some of their normal fare of soap operas and game shows.

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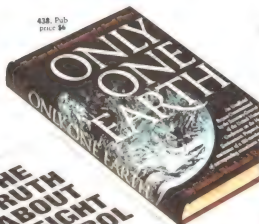
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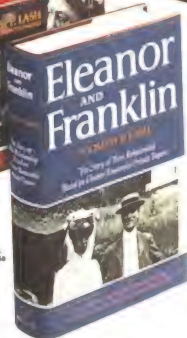
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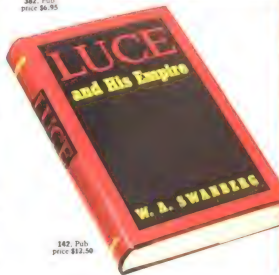


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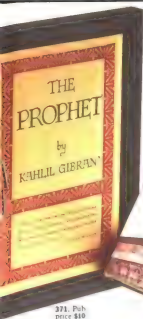


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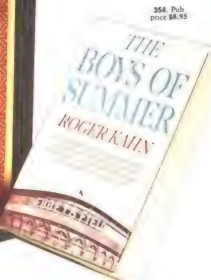
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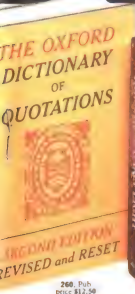
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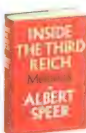
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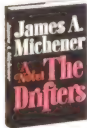
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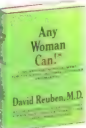
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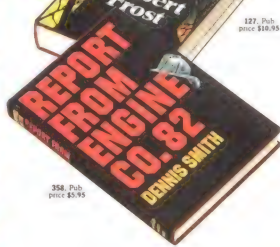
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After Heart Surgery

Because open-heart surgery has a massive impact on the system, surgeons routinely keep close watch on the patient's bodily functions during the post-operative period. Now, to hasten recovery, doctors are being urged to study their patients' psyches as well, and for good reason. A Yale University School of Medicine researcher, Dr. Chase Patterson Kimball, has found that open-heart surgery sometimes produces severe psychological reactions.

Serious operations may leave psychological scars. Feelings of rage are common in women who have undergone hysterectomies; depression is understandably frequent among those who lose a breast because of cancer. Open-heart surgery, reports Kimball, produces its own constellation of symptoms: temporary loss of memory and intellectual function, delusions and even life-threatening depression.

Painful Awakening. Kimball bases his findings on observations of more than 200 open-heart patients during the past six years. Of this number, at least 70% suffered some psychological aftereffect. A few became euphoric, assuming, sometimes incorrectly, that the successful surgery had solved all their health problems. Others became withdrawn and depressed, convinced that neither the operation nor the care they were receiving would help. In some cases, there were lapses in the ability to read or speak. One 50-year-old man found himself unable to understand a simple sentence, or count backward from 100. A 57-year-old patient became violent, shouting unintelligibly and attempting to rise from his bed and pull out his intravenous tubes.

The reasons for such reactions vary considerably. Oxygen deprivation during surgery, leading to identifiable brain disturbances, explains only a handful of cases. Many problems appear to be emotional in origin. Most patients go into such operations with anxiety, sometimes depression over both the risks and the results. Those who survive face a painful awakening when the anesthetic wears off. They come to in the hospital's intensive care unit, surrounded by machinery to help them breathe and with tubes coming out of their noses, mouths and other orifices. Some resent this depersonalizing dependence upon technology and remain depressed until they are returned to their rooms. By contrast, others fear being disconnected from the machines. "It's like being pushed out of the nest," said one patient. "You have to fly or..."

Most patients, fortunately, succeed in flying, recovering physically within a few months after their operations. Some even develop amnesia where the operation's emotional aftermath is con-

cerned. Most, believes Kimball, could recover faster if they could be spared psychological upsets. His studies have shown that advance screening can identify those patients most likely to react badly to open-heart surgery. A complete description of what the patient can expect when he emerges from anesthesia, something few doctors now bother to give, could ease emotional anguish and make his recovery more rapid.

Acupuncture Crackdown

Though it was early in the morning when Mrs. Rhoda Katchen, of East Orange, N.J., arrived in New York City's Chinatown, she was not the first patient to join the queue outside the small herb



CHINATOWN NEEDLE TREATMENT
Also, dried sea horse.

shop at 11 Mott Street. Six others, one of whom had been there since 4:40 a.m., were already waiting for Dr. Huan Lam Ng, a China-trained acupuncturist. Soon 35 patients—none of them Chinese—were on line for treatment.

Dr. Ng's acupuncture practice, and others like it, were once confined almost exclusively to Chinatown residents. Since U.S. physicians brought back glowing reports of acupuncture's use in mainland China last summer, however, such practices have boomed. Now they may be ended entirely, at least in New York. Concerned over acupuncture's administration by unlicensed practitioners, the New York State Department of Education has already shut down a Manhattan clinic devoted to the ancient art. Last week, it ordered Dr. Ng and a dozen colleagues to close their consulting and treatment rooms.

An increasing number of Western


physicians and researchers are becoming interested in acupuncture. But so little is known about why it works that many doctors are cautious about its indiscriminate use. The reason for the New York crackdown, however, was statutory rather than scientific. The state agency has ruled that acupuncture is the practice of medicine and may therefore be performed only by properly licensed physicians. Though Dr. Ng and many of his fellow needle wielders hold medical degrees from Chinese institutions, they are not authorized to practice in New York. Without fluency in English or, in some cases, recognized medical credentials, such men would have difficulty in passing state licensing examinations.

Acupuncture patients are understandably upset by the ruling. Mrs. Katchen says that she had spent \$25,000 on orthodontic treatment for a painful nerve condition without getting relief. Olga Laaland, a native of Guadeloupe, credits Dr. Ng with relieving facial paralysis and enabling him to close his eyes properly for the first time in five years. A few, citing Dr. Ng's low fees (\$10 a visit regardless of complaint or treatment), believe that organized medicine is behind the state action. "None of this happened until people started leaving their regular doctors and seeking out acupuncturists," said one man. Dr. Ng was treating for knee trouble.

The Chinese doctors, whose livelihood is threatened, are equally disturbed. A group led by Dr. James L.K. Gong, who combines acupuncture with the use of such exotic folk medications

as dried sea horse and seal penis, met at a Chinese restaurant and agreed to ask the state to grant its members temporary licenses or to explore other ways of enabling them to continue to practice.

California has already found such a way. The California Medical Association wants to encourage further study of acupuncture and other forms of traditional Chinese medicine. The state legislature has cooperated with a new law that allows acupuncture to be performed by unlicensed practitioners for the purpose of scientific investigation. The only proviso is that the pin-sticking be supervised by a licensed physician. As a result, some Chinese acupuncturists in California are expected to begin work in medical-school hospitals. Others now practicing privately—in technical violation of the law—have so far been left alone by officials.



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Dampening the Olympic Torch

WE have only the strength of a great ideal," intoned Avery Brundage last week in Munich at the Olympic Stadium memorial service for the slain Israeli athletes. "I am sure the public will agree that we cannot allow a handful of terrorists to destroy this nucleus of international cooperation and good will." Thus, the second week of the XX Olympiad proceeded under a grim penumbra cast not only by the brutal murders, but by sloppy officiating, errant decisions by Brundage's International Olympic Committee—and by the insensitivity of Brundage himself. In his brief speech at the service, the outgoing I.O.C. president tastelessly equated the slayings with what he called the other "savage attack" on the Olympics: the threatened boycott of the Games by Black African nations that had forced the expulsion of Rhodesia. With what some thought was unseemly haste, the competition resumed the same day after the memorial service was concluded.

The multinational gerontocracy of the wealthy sportsmen who run the I.O.C. has never been particularly noted for collective brilliance. As the competitors tried to pick up the shards of the Olympiad, the committee members seemed to outdo themselves in demonstrating their skill at letter-of-the-law pecksniffery. Unfortunately for the U.S. team, the brunt of their questionable decisions was borne by American athletes, who were deprived of at least one, and possibly three gold medals.

Minuscle Dosage. The first involved Rick DeMont, 16, a slender distance swimmer from San Rafael, Calif., who had won the 400-meter freestyle by 1/100 sec. over Australia's Brad Cooper. Only minutes before he was to swim in the finals of the 1,500-meter freestyle, DeMont was told that he had been disqualified; an illegal stimulant, ephedrine, had been found in his urine specimen, submitted after the 400. The ephedrine was in prescribed medication that DeMont, an asthmatic, had been taking for years and that he had noted on his Olympic medical form. But neither the Olympic medical committee nor the U.S. coaching staff had warned Rick to discontinue the treatment during the Games (although a U.S. team doctor claimed that he had advised the youngster against taking the medication). Thus, despite a frantic appeal by U.S. coaches, the I.O.C. eliminated Rick from further competition and demanded the return of his gold medal, which he had already taken back to the U.S. DeMont became the best-known Olympian since Jim Thorpe in 1912 to have to return a medal.

Another, and decidedly more controversial decision by the I.O.C. in-

volved U.S. Runners Vincent Matthews and Wayne Collett, both black. After capturing the gold and silver medals, respectively, in the 400-meter race, the pair stood together on the gold-medal winner's pedestal, slouching, talking, fidgeting and pointedly turning away from the U.S. flag while the national anthem was played. As they left the platform the crowd whistled and boomed its disapproval. Matthews responded by twirling his medal with studied nonchalance, while Collett raised a clenched fist to the crowd in the Black Power salute. Their behavior recalled the deliberate Black Power salutes made by Medalists John Carlos and Tommie Smith in Mexico City in 1968. The irreverence of Matthews and Collett cost them—and the U.S.—dearly. Although both runners denied that they had had any particular protest in mind, the I.O.C. executive committee acted harshly: it termed their behavior "disgusting" and barred them from any future Olympic competition. That action in effect eliminated the U.S. team from the 1,600-meter relay, in which both were scheduled to run.

Although there was resentment among American athletes over the I.O.C. decisions, even more anger was directed against U.S. staff-level bungling of the kind that led to DeMont's disqualification and the failure of two top 100-meter dashmen, Ray Robinson and Eddie Hart, to get to their qualifying heats on time (TIME, Sept. 11). The disillusionment and disension were most notable among U.S. track and field stars. Since the modern Olympiad began in 1896, Americans have won 13 of 17 100-meter dashes, twelve of 15 200-meter sprints and all but one pole vault contest. This year, they missed gold medals in every one of those events. Said Jackie Thompson of San Diego,

200-meter sprinter on the women's track team that performed disastrously (two bronzes in Munich v. three golds and a silver in Mexico City): "It's the coaches who aren't together. They don't know what they're doing or what's going on." Added Hammer Thrower George Frenn of San Fernando, Calif., "We ought to ask Congress to disband the U.S. Olympic Committee and start all over again."

Confiscated. Whatever the merit of the charges, no coach nor I.O.C. official was to blame for the travesty of justice that befell Pole Vaulter Bob Seagren, the handsome 1968 Gold Medalist from Monterey Park, Calif. Using a light, flexible (but regulation) new pole, Seagren set a new world record in the Olympic trials with a prodigious leap of 18 ft. 5½ in. Throughout the qualification rounds in Munich he had to keep switching poles while the International

DeMONT RECEIVING GOLD MEDAL



400-METER MEDALISTS COLLETT & MATTHEWS LOUNGING DURING VICTORY CEREMONY



SPORT

Amateur Athletic Federation officials banned, unbanned and rebanned his pole. The IAAF was allegedly under pressure from East German vaulters, who felt that Seagen was capitalizing on a capitalist product. The night before the final, someone, presumably an IAAF official, entered Seagen's room while he was absent and confiscated eight poles, including several of the new ones that he had brought to Munich.

Seagen had to go into the finals with an unfamiliar (and visibly stiffer) pole. Straining and pressing for all he was worth, he failed in three attempts to clear 17 ft. 10 in. Wolfgang Nordwig of East Germany topped 18 ft. 1 in. to pick up the gold medal, leaving Seagen fuming with a silver. The usually easygoing U.S. vaulter thrust the pole into the hands of an IAAF official and turned away angrily from Nordwig's extended hand. Seagen returned to shake hands, but his anger was scarcely concealed. "The only difference between the pole I'm using and the one I used two years ago is that this one is 500 grams lighter and painted a different color. Every major vaulter in the world, including Nordwig, had access to the new poles before I did."

After that, it seemed as if nothing else could happen to the U.S. team short of its premier runner falling down in the middle of a crucial race. That is just what he did. Jim Ryun, 25, the Kansas enigma who overcame psychological problems in his comeback in the 1,500-meter run, opened his qualifying heat by taking his accustomed spot at the rear of the pack. With 500 meters to go, Ryun began to make his move. His target: Kenya's Kipchoge Keino, who had defeated Ryun in the heady Mexico City air. Ryun only needed to finish fourth to qualify. But as he challenged the pack, he tangled legs with Ghana's Billy Fordjour, clipped himself in the jaw with his own knee and went sprawling across the track. The fans cheered as a stunned Ryun struggled to his feet and gamely tried to catch up. But it was much too late, and the long striding runner failed to qualify in what was surely his last bid for Olympic gold.

Lucky Cap. Ryun's sad accident seemed to leave Keino (already a surprise gold medalist in the 3,000-meter steeplechase) with no serious competition in the 1,500. The Olympiad's most prestigious race. As startling as Ryun's accident was the victory of Dave Wottle, 22, of Bowling Green University in the 800-meter run. At the outset Wottle had not been given much of a chance in the 800—even by U.S. Track Coach Bill Bowerman. In the eyes of the dour University of Oregon coach, Wottle would be unable to overcome two afflictions, both suffered in July: tendinitis of the knees and marriage.

As the race got under way, Wottle ran dead last for 500 meters, but was finally inspired by the sight of the favorite, Russia's Yevgeny Arzhanov, beginning his furious kick on the bell lap.

Picking up speed, Wottle passed two flying Kenyans on the outside and took aim on Arzhanov. With one last lung-devouring spurt, he lunged for the finish line and edged the falling Russian by the length of his lucky cap (which he forgot to remove during the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*). Growled Bowerman, who once withdrew a runner's scholarship because the boy got engaged: "Well, he sure shot one theory of mine to hell."

The other bright moments in the dim U.S. track and field chronicle belonged to Hurdler Rod Milburn of Opelousas, La., and Long Jumper Randy Williams of Compton, Calif. Milburn, who sports a bushy Afro and muton-chop sideburns, barely landed third spot on the team. But he made no mistakes in Munich, sweeping over the 110-meter hurdles in the world-record-equaling time of 13.2 sec. to defeat the fleet Frenchman Guy Drut. Williams—all 5 ft. 10 in., 152 lbs. of him—felt his

U.S. teams ultimately disappointed. Heralded Heavyweight Duane Bobick was crushed by Cuba's devastating Teofilio Stevenson, and Welterweight Jesse Valdez, flashiest fighter on the card, lost a split semifinal decision to Emilio Correa, also of the rugged Russian-coached Cuban team. Bantamweight Ricardo Carreras and Middleweight Marvin Johnson were also eliminated in the semis, leaving Light Welterweight Ray Seales of Tacoma, Wash., as the only American finalist.

But no Olympic setback, however frustrating or humiliating, quite compared with the U.S. basketball team's 51-50 loss to the Soviet Union, the first defeat by an American team since basketball became an Olympic sport in 1936. U.S. Coach Hank Iba vehemently protested the victory on the grounds that the Russians had gotten a second chance to score the winning basket in the game's confused closing seconds. Despite the furor, the jubilant Russians



JIM RYUN SPRAWLING WITH GHANA'S BILLY FORDJOUR IN 1,500-METER HEAT
What more could possibly happen to the U.S. team?

leg pop during warmups, but managed a whopping leap of 27 ft. 1 in. on his first try. At 19, he became the youngest Olympian ever to win the event.

Meanwhile, the Soviets could leave Munich boasting of at least three superlatives: Gold Medal Weight Lifter Vasily Alexeyev qualified as the world's strongest human. Valery Borzov, whose victory in the 100-meter dash had seemed somewhat hollow because of the disqualification of the U.S.'s Robinson and Hart, legitimately claimed the title of world's fastest human by breezing to a 200-meter victory in 20.0 sec. over American Larry Black. Nikolai Avilov, who broke Bill Toomey's 1968 deathlon record by amassing 8,454 points in the grueling two-day, ten-event competition, became the finest all-around athlete. And the title of the world's fastest female clearly belonged to East Germany's Renate Stecher, 22, who dominated the field in the 100- and 200-meter dashes.

While the Russians and East Germans were piling up medals, as expected, in such events as volleyball, canoeing, riding and weight lifting, the U.S. counted heavily for more gold on two staples: boxing and basketball. Both

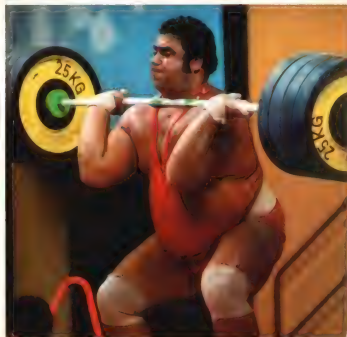
appeared to have another gold medal.

The XX Olympiad appeared to be a triumph for the already entrenched Russians and the rising East Germans. Despite a respectable total in overall medals won, it was a disaster for the Americans—although not for Swimmer Mark Spitz, whose seven victories made him the most gilt-bedecked Olympian in history. It was also a continuing disaster for Founder Baron Pierre de Coubertin's idea of an apolitical contest of individual mettle among the world's most skillful amateur sportsmen. Munich 1972 was sad witness to feats of athletic valor tarnished by bureaucratic joustings and national jealousies, a sublime international event bespattered by the blood of a despicable crime. National prestige has replaced personal merit as the ultimate Olympic goal; for every bona fide amateur, there is another athlete who lives off his ability like any professional. Millions are spent on circus-tent publicity, but there is no money to pay for impartial and knowledgeable officials. All of which raises the serious question of whether the Olympics—glorious though they are as a showcase for the human body in action—ought to continue in their present form.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: GABLE; ASHURALIEV; BOB SEAGREN; VASILY ALEXEYEV; TEOFILO STEVENSON; DUANE BOBICK

Counterclockwise: Lightweight Dan Gable overpowering Russia's Rusl Ashuraliev on way to winning one of three U.S. wrestling gold medals; Bob Seagren failing to clear bar at 17 ft. 10½ in.; Russia's Vasily Alexeyev earning right to call himself "world's strongest man"; Cuban Heavyweight Teofilo Stevenson pounding favored Duane Bobick of U.S.





Counterclockwise: Dave Wattle, in golf cap, winning 800-meter run as Russian Yevgeny Arzhanov falls; Uganda's John Akii-Bua saluting crowd after 400-meter hurdle victory; Kip Keino of Kenya taking a gold medal in the 3,000-meter steeplechase; Russia's Valery Borzov adding 200-meter title to his 100-meter triumph.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: TONY TRIGLO/ABC SPORTS; TRIGLO/ABC; RICH CLARKSON; TRIGLO/ABC

Russian Revolution

The correspondent for *Novosti* wondered about the possible injurious impact on Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's re-election bid next month. President Harold Ballard of the Toronto Maple Leafs termed it "a national disaster." Dick Beddoes of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, who had boastfully predicted a clean Canadian sweep, ate his column—after coating the newsprint with a thick layer of borsch.

The "disaster" occurred on the ice of the Montreal Forum, where the Soviet Union's national hockey team trounced Team Canada—35 All-Stars of the National Hockey League—by a thumping score of 7-3 in the first of an eight-game series. What was more, the Russians beat Team Canada at their own game with what were supposed to be Soviet weaknesses: tough individual play and tenacious goal-tending. Chastened by defeat, the N.H.L. stars roared back two nights later in Toronto to whip the Russians 4-1. Yet in the third game in Winnipeg, it took a last-seconds save by Goalie Tony Esposito of the Chicago Black Hawks to preserve a 4-4 tie. Thus it was a thoroughly sobered Team Canada that prepared at week's end for the fourth game in Vancouver, B.C., and the remainder of the series on Russia's home ice. Said Canadian Coach Harry Sinden: "They compare with any team in the N.H.L. We just can't overpower this team as we all thought we could. We have a tiger by the tail."

Better Coordinated. That was a far cry from the cocky statements made by the Canadian players before the series began. "Eight straight," New York Ranger Vic Hadfield had predicted. "No ands, ifs or buts. Eight straight." Actually, the Canadians had every reason to be confident. Hockey is Canada's national game, and even impartial experts figured that Russia's subsidized "amateurs," who dominate the International Ice Hockey Federation, would be no match for the superstar professionals of the N.H.L. In fact, when Canada pulled out of the federation two years ago in protest over the barring of its professional players, it issued a standing challenge to the Russians to meet the N.H.L. pros skate-to-skate.

Playing on foreign ice, the Soviets showed that they were individually better conditioned and collectively better coordinated than their slick, freewheeling Canadian counterparts. Their intricate, puck-control game often confounded N.H.L. defense men; flashy Forward Valeri Kharlamov, who scored three goals in the first three contests, may be as good as the N.H.L.'s best. Whatever the outcome of the series, Russia has established itself as a hockey superpower, a worthy match for the men whose forebears invented the modern game.



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were no object,
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would you
be drinking?**

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The Super Rudder

Efficient as they are in transporting oil across the oceans, today's huge tankers are clumsy giants, difficult to maneuver and hazardous near shore. Starting a voyage, a typical 250,000-ton tanker may require two hours or more to reach cruising speed (approximately 16 knots). Stopping is no less difficult. Even with props reversed, the steel leviathan will frequently coast up to ten miles before coming to a dead halt. A tanker can reduce that distance to less than two miles by a tactic called "slaloming"—turning in one direction and then in the other, like a racing skier.

board (right), for instance, pressure on that side will increase and lessen on the other. As a result the stern, or tail end, of the boat will swing to port (left) and the bow, or front, to starboard. Moreover, the turn will become sharper as the rudder angle is increased. But if the angle becomes larger than 35° the rudder will stir up so much turbulence in the vicinity that it will rapidly lose its "grip" on the water and thus its steering ability.

Running Circles. To reduce the turbulence and at the same time increase the rudder's effective steering angle, a group led by Naval Architect Barry Steele, of Britain's National Physical

around in only about 180 yds., and even without slaloming, come to a halt in about a third of a mile—that is, about a quarter of the distance that it now takes to stop.

Brainy Bacteria

Bacteria are simple, single-cell organisms that lack the nervous systems and brains of higher life forms. Strange as it may seem, however, the little creatures have a rudimentary form of memory, according to two researchers at the Berkeley campus of the University of California. After performing an intriguing series of experiments, the scientists reported to the annual meeting of the American Chemical Society that the common intestinal bacterium *Salmonella typhimurium* can recall things in its past.

Biochemists Robert M. Macnab and Daniel Koshland were investigating a characteristic that *S. typhimurium* shares with many other bacteria: it responds strongly to changes in external stimuli. If, for instance, a hostile substance is introduced into its surroundings, the bacterium uses its flagella—long, hairlike appendages—to swim away from it. But if something attractive is placed near by—say, the sugar, glucose—it will move toward it. How the bacterium chooses its direction is still not fully understood, but it apparently makes its way on a trial-and-error basis. Tumbling to and fro, it senses that taking certain directions increases the strength of a favorable stimulus (or decreases that of an unfavorable one), and it moves accordingly each time.

Studying this phenomenon, the biochemists decided to expose their subjects to two quite different environments in rapid succession. So complete was the changeover (accomplished in less than a second by a high-speed laboratory mixer) that the primitive bacteria should not have been able to detect the switch in surroundings. Yet, surprisingly, the bacteria were not fooled. Shifted from a highly favorable environment to a less desirable one, they began to tumble about in a wildly agitated way, apparently in search of those dimly remembered good surroundings. A short time later, this "memory" faded, and they resumed their normal, only slightly agitated movements. Similarly, when they were transferred from poor environments to better ones, they suddenly started swimming with smooth, undisturbed movements, seemingly relieved to get to more favorable surroundings. After several minutes, they again "forgot" where they had come from and returned to their ordinary movements.

The two researchers cannot yet explain exactly how such primitive "memories" work. But they believe that by studying the bacteria further, scientists may find important clues to the operation of much more complex systems in higher organisms, including man.



Laboratory, revived an idea once proposed for aircraft wing flaps. They fitted rotating cylinders around the rudder posts of several ship models (see diagram). Equipped with its own small motor, the cylinder can spin in either direction. Thus when the rudder is pushed hard to port (left), for instance, the cylinder is rotated in a clockwise direction. This directs a flow of water against the back of the rudder, smoothing out the turbulence there and making the rudder effective at angles much greater than 35°.

Encouraged by the tests with their models, the British researchers recently equipped a 200-ton cargo vessel with their super rudder. Tested off the Isle of Wight, the vessel ran circles around other ships of its size: it could turn on its own axis, stop in only seconds, and effectively operate with its rudder turned up to an angle of 90°. The British scientists concede that the device will probably not work as spectacularly with heavier ships. Their calculations show, however, that a 250,000-ton tanker should be able to turn completely

But in crowded shipping lanes like the English Channel, this maneuver may be an invitation to disaster: the lumbering vessel needs vast stretches of open water for such turns.

To make the big tankers more maneuverable—and thereby safer—British researchers have now proposed an ingenious modification of that ancient steering device, the rudder. In essence, a rudder works by altering the flow of water around it so that one side begins to experience greater pressure than the other. If the rudder is swung to star-

Rip Van Yokoi

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand.

Families for Psychotics

Most mental health specialists think that there is no alternative to hospitalizing psychotics and other mentally disturbed patients whose actions endanger others—and often themselves. Honolulu Psychologist Patrick DeLeon takes an entirely different view. "The worst thing you can do to a patient," he says, "is admit him to a hospital." Instead, DeLeon has a theory which advocates placing small groups of chronic mental patients in "family living units" in which they live as brothers and sisters in rented private apartments, hold jobs if they can, and solve day-to-day problems with almost no outside guidance.

Last week, at a convention of the American Psychological Association in

to about one a week and finally to one a month.

At first, real and fantasized cries led the "brothers and sisters" to make frantic telephone calls to the hospital therapists. In one instance, when they asked what to do about a family member who was running around the house waving a knife, they were simply advised: "Do whatever you think right. Call the cops if necessary." Says DeLeon: "No one ever got hurt. Once a guy got drunk and busted up the whole house. The police picked him up, let him out the next day, and he went back and repaired the house." Eventually, each group took to solving most of its own difficulties. They held family councils and adopted a policy of talking things out with each other before crises could erupt.

After a year, only one family mem-

In those words, published in 1819, Washington Irving described the state of his fictional hero Rip Van Winkle when Rip woke from a sleep of 20 years. Irving's words apply equally well today to a real-life Rip Van Winkle: Shoichi Yokoi, the Japanese army corporal who fled into the jungles of Guam when U.S. troops retook the island in 1944, and hid out for 28 years even though he read of the war's end in leaflets dropped by U.S. planes. Last week, seven months after he was discovered by fishermen and returned to Japan (TIME, Feb. 7), Yokoi, now 57, admitted to TIME Correspondent S. Chang that he was "baffled" and "confused." "Practically everything I encounter is tough to accept," he said. "I am having trouble preparing my mind to cope with all these changes that have happened in my country."

Yokoi is distressed by contemporary values. He cannot accept the humanizing of Hirohito. "Perhaps the Emperor has ceased to be a living god to other people, but to me he remains a sacred personage." Yokoi is also shocked by the disrespect of children for their elders: "In the good old Japan, *koko* [being filial] was everything in life for youngsters. Now they seem to make it a profession to defy the authority of parents; they talk of nothing but freedom and *demokurasyu* [democracy]. Before the war, our society was far more close-knit and warmhearted. Today only one thing makes itself felt—egotism. These youngsters amount to a bunch of spoiled brats. Physically, because they eat so well, they are big. Mentally, they are so soft that I think what they need is a stretch in the barracks; I would call for the restoration of the old conscription system."

Youth is not the only group that Yokoi finds distally altered. Women, he rages, have become "monsters." Virtue has "all but gone from them," and so has gentleness—"they screech like apes." In Tokyo, right after his return from Guam, he saw a woman who proved typical of many Japanese females. "She was in what is known as a mini. Her hair was dyed red, her fingernails were painted, and her eyes were so shadowed in purple that she looked like a ghost. She was everything I didn't dream about in the jungle." What he did dream of was the kind of girl he knew before he was shipped off to war: "Then, women were everything that made life blissful for men—virtuous, obedient to commands from menfolk, lovely to look at, gentle and retiring."

Another one of the changes that



MENTAL PATIENTS WORKING IN KITCHEN OF THEIR HONOLULU HOME
Talking things out with each other before crises could erupt.

Honolulu, DeLeon described his own experiment with five "families" that consisted of some of the "worst" patients* he and his colleagues had encountered at Hawaii State Hospital and other institutions. Most of them had been hospitalized from one to eleven times and seemed in need of recommitment when DeLeon suggested to them that they might prefer a house to a hospital.

The patients were given food for the first weekend, but no support beyond that. They were told that money to pay living expenses would have to come from welfare, savings accounts and any jobs that they managed to find and hold. They got no advice except the admonition that "families should solve their own problems." For the first month, hospital staffers usually visited them twice a week; then the visits dropped

ber had been rehospitalized, and then only for a few days on two occasions. The rest stayed out of real trouble, and some even gained so much confidence that they moved into apartments of their own. One woman, proud of her new stability, recently wrote DeLeon, "I just got an A in a religion course at the community college. Next semester I'm taking two courses."

The theory behind the idea for the experiment, which was originally proposed not by a professional but by a hospital aide, is that chronic mental patients are dependent personalities who do not have much motivation to change their behavior as long as they have other people to look after them. DeLeon's goal was not to cure their dependence but to transfer it to the family group. "Once you switch your attitude toward these people and assume they are in control of themselves," he says, "they no longer go out of control."

*Included in the group were an alcoholic drug addict, a suicidal male homosexual and psychotics of several types.



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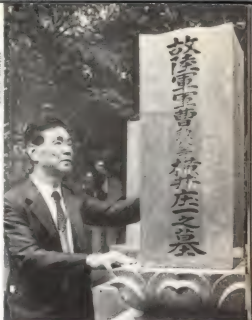
depresses Yokoi is *kogai* (environmental disruption). It came about, he believes, because the nation "has become hideously rich." While he is glad to see the end of "the old kind of poverty," he exclaims: "What a price to pay! The glories of nature that I used to know have all disappeared. Instead, up in the sky we have this thing called smog. On earth, cars are killing people even faster than war. The jungle of Guam may be the most reposeful place there is."

On a more practical level, Yokoi is confused by the decline in the value of the yen; his previous monthly army pay, 20 yen, is one two-thousandth of the pay for the same rank today. "Before the war," he laments, "I could have a perfectly satisfying evening out on a mere 10-yen note. Now you might spend 10,000 yen and the geisha will still say no." Yokoi is increasingly concerned about how he will earn those yen. "If I turn tailor again, as I was before the war, I would only go broke; I would be disqualified from the very first step, bargaining the price of a suit length."

Meanwhile, Yokoi is at loose ends. He gets up at 4 a.m., as he did in the jungle, takes walks, and spends hours weeding the yard in front of the house he shares with his brother-in-law. (Never married, he has no other close relative.) With part of the \$80,000 he has received from the government and from well-wishers, he has bought land and plans to build a house. He hopes to write his memoirs of the Battle of Guam and visit the families of his dead comrades-in-arms. "Then I might be able to settle down and think seriously about what to do with the rest of my life."

His prospects for happiness do not seem bright. He dreams of an impossible Japan, "halfway between then and now, a combination of prewar Japan without its militarism and postwar Japan without its *kogai*." In a westernized Japan, he is unlikely to find the kind of wife he is seeking. Though he returned to Japan a hero, other glamorous figures (the Olympic gymnasts, among others) have since dethroned him. Worst of all, his neighbors have begun to cool toward him. Explains one friend: "Quite a few people have been wondering aloud why he didn't commit hara-kiri like a good soldier when Guam fell." Besides, "people are disgusted because he looks down on them disdainfully and seems convinced that nobody else suffered during the war."

Paradoxically, the disdain that is now alienating Yokoi from his countrymen helped keep him alive and sane during his long ordeal in the jungle; both he and Psychiatrist Haruo Kawai, who has examined him since his return, agree on that. In his youth, Yokoi was apparently made to feel inferior. Out of it (spite), he decided to prove himself superior to everyone else in at least one thing: the capacity to suffer. "I had an extra-tough childhood," Yokoi explains. "So many people were harsh, cruel or downright brutal to me. By



SHOICHI YOKOI WITH HIS TOMBSTONE
Too much *kogai*, not enough *koko*.

sticking to the jungle, I actually sought to vent my spite on all these people by remote control; I had to become somebody who could look down on these fellows to even the old score. And I think I have."

Moderation for Drunks

Behavior experts have begun to question the long-accepted wisdom that no alcoholic can learn to drink in moderation. In fact, a few recent experiments have indicated that some alcoholics might learn to become social drinkers (TIME, March 15, 1971). Now further evidence comes from the Alcoholism Research Unit in Baltimore City Hospitals. There, according to a report in *Behaviour Research and Therapy*, alcoholics who were promised a reward for moderation were able to stop after five drinks or fewer.

The subjects were 19 hospitalized chronic alcoholics. All were told that they could have one-ounce drinks whenever they asked for them, with a limit of 24 ounces. On some days, the patients were offered no incentive for not drinking too much. On other days, they were told that if they restricted themselves to five ounces or less, they could work in a laundry (and earn \$1 an hour), take part in group therapy, have visitors, chat with other patients and use a recreation room with games, TV and a pool table. The consistency of the results is impressive. On no reward days, almost all of the patients drank too much. On reward days, by contrast, every one of the alcoholics proved he was able to keep within the five-ounce limit or to stay entirely on the wagon. In short, say the Baltimore researchers, it begins to look as if "abstinence and drunkenness are not the only alternatives for the alcoholic."

*Erected after his mother, as told he was dead

The Master's Voice

Another book about Igor Stravinsky? No, not just another book. Lillian Libman's *And Music at the Close: Stravinsky's Last Years*, published this week (Norton; \$9.95), has already, sight unseen, caused the music world's most *con* brio feud of the decade. Engaging in a bit of pre-publication drumbeating last spring, Libman disclosed that her book would challenge the familiar portrait of Stravinsky in his later years—a portrait produced by his literary collaborations with his co-conductor, aide and surrogate son Robert Craft (TIME, June 26).

In a seemingly unending series of magazine articles, not to mention semi-autobiographical books, Stravinsky had appeared as the most wickedly

ing and vision started to fail. He began "to withdraw into regions none of us would ever be able to enter." Meanwhile, as this decline went on, there was Stravinsky in print as a critic for *Harper's*, a seer for the *New York Review of Books*, and a chatty armchair philosopher in his own autobiographical books, waxing eloquent about the latest techniques in computer music, Beethoven sonatas, new plays, new ballets, the Panthers, and maxi fashions. The obvious conclusion is that the writer was mostly Craft.

Part of the problem was fiscal. After 1967, though he labored at his desk every day, Stravinsky neither conducted nor produced any finished compositions. It became necessary to maintain the pretense of a productive Stravinsky,

final "Stravinsky" recordings when the tapes were later edited.

Despite its somewhat circular organization and the author's cloying habit of referring to the composer as "the Master," *Music at the Close* is clearly an indispensable and humane book for Stravinskyites. All the uproar aside, for instance, where else could a fan learn that Stravinsky was so fond of avocados that his wife Vera invariably carried two or three ripening examples in her purse when they traveled?

As to the correct portrait of the latter Stravinsky, in terms of documentary proof it is still by and large Libman's word against Craft's. Yet this is a book that has a convincing ring to it. If that ring is to be challenged, it is now up to Craft—and Columbia Records—to do just that.

Ruffs and Drags

When the retirement of Timpanist Saul Goodman was announced by the New York Philharmonic, Conductor Pierre Boulez gave him a watch. That was like giving Soprano Birgit Nilsson a pitch pipe. As head of the Philharmonic's percussion section, Goodman has been keeping time for the orchestra for 46 years. His rolls, ruffs and drags were as familiar and indispensable to Mengelberg and Toscanini in their day as to Bernstein and Boulez in theirs. Goodman's departure this week will terminate one of the longest tenures in the history of American symphonic life. As Philharmonic Snare Drummer "Buster" Bailey puts it for the whole orchestra, "It will just never be the same again."

Goodman is not just the world's foremost virtuoso of the kettledrums; he is also an influential teacher, a designer and manufacturer of drums and drumsticks. "My God!" he exults, "The sounds of today are all percussive—the auto factory, the jet engine." Composers, however, "will give you a new score with new percussive effects and say, 'I've written this down, now you find out how to do it.' That's why a timpanist has to be so ingenious."

Occasionally Goodman will admit the existence of a little ingenuity on the part of others. Bernstein? "He revived the Philharmonic. He created a new interest in music by his enthusiasm and energy and unique approach." Georg Solti? "Fantastic dynamics. I seldom go to concerts, but you could not pay me to stay away when Solti comes to New York with the Chicago Symphony." More often, Goodman is a flinty patriarch who seems to live by his own view that the conductor is seen, but the timpanist is heard. Mengelberg? "Very quirky and picky. He would rearrange the orchestra when he guest-conducted and put the percussion all the way in front, and then complain that the brasses were too loud." Dimitri Mitropoulos? "He did some very exciting things, but he let the Philharmonic deteriorate."

When it comes to his fellow play-



IGOR STRAVINSKY

More sparing with words, less waspish as a polemicist.



LILLIAN LIBMAN

witty, sprightly, feisty and avid of old men. In fact, suggests Libman, Stravinsky was something both more and less than that in the twelve years during which, as his personal manager and sometime member of the Stravinsky ménage, she knew the composer. For one thing, he was more sparing with words, less waspish as a polemicist. For another, the lady maintains, many of the words were not the composer's at all; they were Craft's. As she sees it, Composer-Conductor Pierre Boulez was correct when he accused Craft of "a great falsification of the image of Stravinsky."

Fortunately, the book avoids that kind of guilt-riding rhetoric. But its simple day-to-day accounts are both fascinating and devastating. In the last three or four years before his death in 1971, the author says, Stravinsky's attention was no longer even good enough for the TV and film detective dramas and mysteries that he loved. His hear-

ing or as Libman puts it, "to create a 'living' man from a dying genius." That enhanced his public image, encouraged his publishers, consoled the Stravinsky household (which did not seem willing to accept the reality) and, apparently, was convincing on his tax returns. (Stravinsky, for example, kept a daily notebook of the minutest home and business expenses, with a view, says Libman, toward justifying deductions to the Internal Revenue Service.)

If the IRS is something of an ogre in Libman's eye, so is Columbia Records. Not only did Columbia credit two recordings to Stravinsky (*Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra*, 1968; *Dances Concertantes*, 1971) when in fact Craft had conducted them in the composer's absence, but it began taping more and more of the rehearsal sessions in which Craft would drill the orchestra before his older colleague took over. Libman raises the possibility that some of these Craft efforts found their way into the



Photographed in the Press Gallery after a typical session.

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MUSIC

ers, Goodman tends to respect those with the most difficult jobs, starting with his own. "A timpanist is the only one who is always alone." He concedes that the horn is even more difficult than the timpani. "I have never known a French-horn player who was a bad person. He may drink, yes, but he is never bad." Violinists, on the other hand, are "pin-headed, often buffoons and clowns"; cellists are "fanatic about their instruments"; oboists are "arrogant."

Occasionally Goodman's sketched mates get their own back. Whipping around to strike his No. 4 kettle drum once, he flailed empty air. A colleague had tied a rope to the big copper bowl and, while Goodman was looking elsewhere, hauled it away.

Crucial Audition. Former Goodman students now occupy most of the major first-chair percussion spots in the U.S. One of them, Roland Kohloff of the San Francisco Symphony, is succeeding Goodman at the Philharmonic. So motherly is Goodman about watching out for his big drum-beating family that he once had Buster Bailey audition for the St. Louis Symphony in place of another candidate, Bob Matson, also a Goodman student, who happened to be out of town. Apparently on the theory that one Goodman product is as good as another, Matson got the job.

Goodman's own crucial audition came under similar circumstances. It was the spring of 1926, and his teacher Alfred Friese fell ill the night the Philharmonic was doing Stravinsky's *Petrushka Suite*. The conductor was Toscanini. "At that point, I had never heard of Toscanini, so I wasn't afraid. If I had known who he was, maybe I couldn't have played the way I did." The way he played won him a full-time position. "They promised," recalls Goodman, "that it would be a steady job."

TIMPANIST SAUL GOODMAN



MILESTONES

Died. Charles Berry, 69, All-American football player at Lafayette College (1924), major-league catcher during the '20s and '30s, and then one of the American League's most respected umpires; of a heart attack; in Evanston, Ill. Once, as a Red Sox catcher, Berry blocked a dash to home plate by Babe Ruth. Berry knocked the Babe so hard that he did a mid-air headstand, landed in a heap and was out of the game two weeks recovering from the injury. "But in spite of all I'd done to him," recalled Berry, "he scored the run."

Died. The Most Rev. James A. McNulty, 72, iron-willed, hot-tempered Roman Catholic Bishop of Buffalo; a conservative in matters of doctrine and discipline who nonetheless championed the cause of the poverty stricken in his own diocese and in Latin America; of a stroke; in Montclair, N.J.

Died. Warren K. Billings, 79, radical labor agitator who was unjustly convicted of planting a bomb that killed ten persons during a 1916 parade in San Francisco; in Redwood City, Calif. Billings and co-defendant Tom Mooney were condemned on testimony that was perjured and heavily biased because of antifetist sentiment. The case provoked a worldwide protest that focused on Mooney, the better known of the two. Billings spent 23 years in prison, where he learned watchmaking. Freed in 1939 and pardoned in 1961, he opened a shop only blocks from the scene of the bombing.

Died. Louis R. Lurie, 84, self-made multimillionaire, philanthropist and theater angel; in San Francisco. Lurie was selling newspapers in Chicago at age nine when a neighborhood bully beat him so badly that he was crippled for nearly ten years. After making a stake in the printing business, he settled in San Francisco and began building a \$100 million fortune in real estate speculation and construction. Show business was one of his enduring interests; among the hits he backed were *Song of Norway*, *The Teahouse of the August Moon* and *Fiddler on the Roof*.

Died. Sanford Bates, 88, reform-minded penologist who presided over the massive expansion of the federal prison system during the Hoover and Roosevelt administrations; in Trenton, N.J. A lawyer, Bates was named head of Massachusetts' correctional institutions in 1919, and introduced such innovations as a merit pay system and partial self-government for inmates. When Congress set up the U.S. Bureau of Prisons in 1930, Bates was appointed its first director. He later created model, much-imitated parole systems for New York and New Jersey.

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THE RULING CLASS

Directed by PETER MEDAK

Screenplay by PETER BARNES

A toast from the 13th Earl of Gurney: "To England, this teeming womb of privilege." His luncheon companions, each a member of the House of Lords, raise their glasses in solemn salute. Later, at home, his manservant Tucker (Arthur Lowe) offers the earl (Harry Andrews) his evening whisky and a selection of nooses on a silver sal-



O'TOOLE IN "THE RULING CLASS"

A salver of nooses.

ver. "May I suggest the silk, sir?" Tucker says respectfully. The earl accepts, and begins his evening ritual, first stripping to his long underwear, then donning a regimental uniform jacket and a white ballet skirt, and finally stringing himself up for a harmless little swing. The earl, however, mucks up on this particular occasion, and Tucker discovers him dangling from the proper silk rope, neck twisted like a child's top.

Most of the earl's estate, which seems to be the size of Delaware, goes to his only living son Jack (Peter O'Toole), an odd sort who runs about in monk's habit sublimely certain that he is God. "He's a paranoid schizophrenic," his doctor diagnoses, to which Jack's Uncle Charles sputters indignantly: "But he's a Gurney."

The balance of the film is concerned with the family's plan to do Jack out of his inheritance. Jack's marriage to an actress (Carolyn Seymour) and his progress toward sanity. Surrendering for a time the identity of God, he becomes Jack the Ripper, murders his flirtatious

aunt and makes an enormously successful speech in the House of Lords—a ringing call for a return to law, order and morality.

Scenarist Barnes (who has adapted the film from his own play) has written a snarling, overwrought and somewhat parochial satire on aristocracy and privileged morality. He lays his ironies on with a trowel and drives his points home with a bludgeon. The direction is uneven. As in *Joe Egg*, which he also filmed, Director Medak frequently has his actors break into ironic renditions of old pop songs, like *Variety Drag* or *Dem Bones*, a device whose brittle charm crumbles with repetition. He also persists in having his films wretchedly photographed. *The Ruling Class* looks as if it were shot under floodlights.

But Medak apparently gives his actors free rein, with excellent results. Alastair Sim does a hilarious turn as a dotty bishop of the Church of England, officiating at Jack's nuptials with wide-eyed horror. Arthur Lowe plays Tucker like a recalcitrant titmouse. William Mervyn as Sir Charles, Coral Browne as Lady Claire, and James Villiers as their epicene offspring make the Gurneys as engagingly insufferable as a gallery of aristocrats from *Punch*.

The film will be remembered, however, for Peter O'Toole's Jack, a performance of such intensity that it may trouble sleep as surely as it will haunt memory. All actors can play insanity; few play it well. O'Toole begins where other actors stop, with the unfocused gaze, the abrupt bursts of frenzied high spirits and precipitous depressions. Funny, disturbing, finally devastating, O'Toole finds his way into the workings of madness, revealing the anger and consuming anguish at the source. ■ Jay Cocks

Reruns

Two interesting imports derive from British television.

And *Now For Something Completely Different* is a film extracted from the BBC's madhouse revue *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, which is descended in turn from the gone-but-not-forgotten *Goon Show* of Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan and Harry Secombe. From the Goons, the Monty Python crew learned how to raise nonsense to dizzying heights: a filmed cabaret act of two brothers who play tape recorders concealed in their noses; a Hungarian tourist who reads to startled British shopkeepers such sentences as "My Hovercraft is full of eels" from a wildly-mistranslated phrase book; a mob of old ladies, "Hell's Grannies," who terrorize London; an earnest competition for "Upper-Class Twit of the Year." These goonish concepts are executed with due gusto by Graham Chapman,

John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones and Michael Palin. They are also responsible for the writing, which often sounds as though it had been done inside a padded cell.

All 'n' Family, as the title is meant to suggest to American audiences, was the source of *All in the Family*. In its original television version, called *Till Death Us Do Part*, it enjoyed enormous success, but the *All* of the series and of this caustic film (Warren Mitchell) is no lovable oaf like Archie Bunker. He is a mean-spirited, loudmouthed, craven boozier who is portrayed by Writer Johnny Speight and Director Norman Cohen with deadly dispassion.

Instead of the growling, affectionate bantering that goes on between the Bunkers, Alf and his wife Elsie (Dandy Nichols) engage in a lifelong struggle to wound. One Christmas Eve, Elsie tells Alf that she is pregnant. They cannot recall when or how it could have happened. In the film's best scene, Alf gets drunk at his daughter's wedding, insults the guests and finally passes out. "He ruined my wedding," the bride weeps on her mother's shoulder. "Don't worry," Elsie soothes her. "He ruined mine too." ■ J.C.

Mad Chauvinist

BLUEBEARD

Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK

Screenplay by ENNIO DI CONCINI

EDWARD DMYTRYK and MARIA PIA FUSCO

Richard Burton, once an actor, now performs mainly as a buffoon. In his latest exercise in melodrama, he even permits himself to be outfitted in a sort of jester's motley: outrageous mustard-colored blazer and lavender-trimmed evening clothes. His chin whiskers seem to have been dipped in a vat of Lady



BURTON & HEATHERTON IN "BLUEBEARD"

A somewhat lugubrious vocation.



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*If this were an ordinary
gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.*
Charles Tanqueray

CINEMA

Clairel, so his blue beard is colored like a pair of muddy policeman's pants. All that is needed to complete the costume is cap and bells.

As Baron von Sepper, a World War I Austrian flying ace and an enthusiastic fascist, Burton feels a lugubrious vocation to dispatch a series of wives—Raquel Welch, Virna Lisi, Nathalie Delon and several other international cupcake. "They were all monsters," he explains. "They only looked human when they were dead." His eighth frau is an American, Joey Heatherton, who comes on like a refugee from a Timex specialty act. With good, home-grown American intuition, Joey discovers that the baron's problems are rooted in impotence and a rather baroque affection for his departed mother. The baron rewards this perception by imprisoning Joey in a freezing vault with the mutilated bodies of her seven predecessors.

Doggedly pursuing Von Sepper throughout his adventures is a young Jewish musician whose home and family were destroyed in a pogrom that the baron had initiated. Such an attempt at redeeming social significance is simply offensive, not only for its clumsiness and opportunism but because it uses the beginnings of genocide as the punch line in a campy dirty joke. ■ J.C.

Bad Sports

KANSAS CITY Bomber
Directed by JERROLD FREEDMAN
Screenplay by THOMAS RICKMAN
and CALVIN CLEMENTS

It may have been a technical miscalculation, but a certain measure of thanks is due to Don Johnson and Harry Jettick, the soundmen on this roller-skating movie, who have created such an uproar on the roller rink that much of the dialogue is incomprehensible.

This leaves us free to contemplate Raquel Welch as she skates about and gamely impersonates a certain K.C. (for Kansas City) Carr. Miss Welch, it soon becomes apparent, is not well cast. Although she attempts a measure of characterization by jawing some gum, she never succeeds at being tough enough. Whizzing around the rink, pursued and periodically clobbered by handsome competitors on every side, she looks like a drum majorette who has just lost her football team.

The plot, which is barely discernible, concerns the physical and emotional bruising inflicted and endured by the denizens of the roller rink. Raquel, refusing to throw a match, wins the competition but loses the man she loves (Kevin McCarthy). Raquel's rival on the track is played by Helena Kallianides, the manic hitchhiker in *Five Easy Pieces*, who turns in a performance so alive with currents of frustration and alcoholic lesbian hostility that it should never have been wasted on a penny-dreadful movie like this. ■ J.C.



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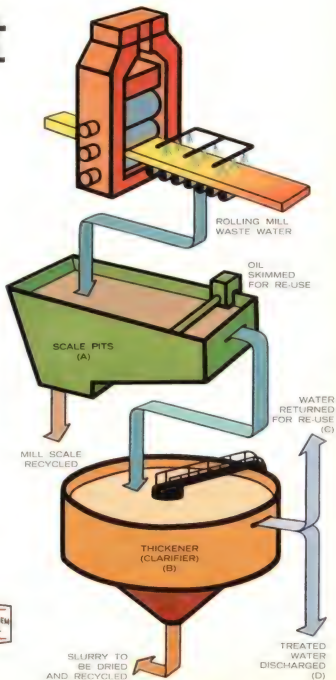
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THE THEATER



MICHAEL HORDERN & DIANA RIGG IN "JUMPERS"

The View from London

The Queen has no more devoted subject than the American tourist who plumps into his stalls seat with the indelible conviction that, as advertised, he is in "the theater capital of the world." The choice is wide, and seats, by Broadway standards, are both reasonably priced and easily obtained. When it comes to aesthetic caliber, the argument that all things dramatic are invariably ordered better in London than in New York City seems to contain as much myth as substance. British theater is often more impressive in bounty than in boldness, more remarkable for its solid reliability than for any comet flights of dramatic excitement. Herewith a sampler of the current season:

JUMPERS Tom Stoppard's first full-length drama since *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* could have been written by a pixilated Orwell, a tipsy Shaw or a sozzled T.S. Eliot sounding off on metaphysics in a disorderly pub. *Jumpers* is an intoxicatingly clever absurdist comedy, a philosophical disquisition on the existence of God and the nature of truth, good and evil. It is also monstrously difficult to pin down.

The title stands for logical positivists, linguistic philosophers and their penchant for verbal gymnastics—of which the play itself is perhaps too full. The time is the near future. A rationalist-oriented "Radical Liberal Party" has taken over England and elevated the ex-Minister of Agriculture to the post of Archbishop of Canterbury. In full sight of millions of televisioners, one British astronaut has clobbered another into the moon dust (there is too little fuel for both of them to return to earth).

George (Michael Hordern), an unfashionable middle-aged philosopher, scarcely registers any of this. He is busy dictating lecture notes for a symposium on the subject: "God—good, bad, or indifferent?" His much younger wife Dottie (Diana Rigg), a prematurely retired musical comedy star, is concerned about the sudden obsolescence of moon lyrics and sees "great breakage" ahead. Her own has apparently already occurred. She is receiving questionable mental therapy (and even more questionable physical therapy) from the vice chancellor of George's university. It is to Dottie that Stoppard entrusts what may be his fundamental conviction: that a world without absolutes will shortly breed moral anarchy; witness the behavior of the astronaut. It is the Dostoevskian proposition that in a world that has no God, anything is permissible.

Stoppard pushes this and related theses with antic wordplay, inspired zany and crackerjack wit. The evening would sag in spots if it were not for Hordern. What might have been simply a caricature of an absent-minded professor emerges as a warmly affectionate portrait of the last living humanist. And Rigg is lovely to look at, especially in the nude, and to listen to as she delivers her lines with a resolute intelligence that seems to unbend the pretzel twists of thought.

I, CLAUDIUS Hurling back through history for a couple of millennia, we encounter the parlous state of Rome in decay as depicted in *I, Claudius*. Historical plays of this sort are like a cram course with illustrated color slides. The audience can never quite settle down to the entertainment for fear of some



SIR NOEL COWARD

Sly spoofs of empire.

impending exam. Knowing the names of the characters does not really help, since their natures change with bewildering rapidity. Click: here is Messalina gamely struggling to protect her virginity from Caligula. Presto: here is Messalina, Empress to Claudius, cuckolding him wholesale in the foulest brothels of Rome.

David Warner's lame, stuttering Claudius is ironical, resilient, self-deprecatingly witty and wistfully sad as he realizes that even an Emperor cannot restore freedom to a people who no longer desire it. This is Playwright John Mortimer's staunch salute to Robert Graves' novels *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God*, but as drama it is a sloppy counterfeiter.

LOYD GEORGE KNEW MY FATHER More old parties, though not quite so ancient, take the stage in William Douglas Home's latest play. The title comes from an inane ditty dear to generations past: "Lloyd George knew my father. My father knew Lloyd George," sung, ad infinitum, to the tune of *Onward Christian Soldiers*. This play features a pretty old retired general (Richard Richardson), whose thought processes seem to have stopped around World War I, and his spry-spirited wife (Peggy Ashcroft). She is resisting progress in another way by making calm, matter-of-fact preparations to commit suicide if the government bulldozes a thoroughway across the baronial estate. It doesn't and she doesn't. This asthmatic little item would wheeze its way into oblivion but for the robust first aid continually administered by those seasoned troupers, Richardson and Ashcroft. The nagging question remains: Why do even the finest of British actors bother with this sort of stuff? Can one imagine a Herbert von Karajan conducting *No, No, Nanette*?

COWARDY CUSTARD Age has not withered or custom staled the tunes and lyrics of Noel Coward. This animated musical anthology has been culled from a half-century of his songs and patter. For Coward fanciers, a substantial cult, the

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THE THEATER

only word for the evening is enchanting. Retrospectively, one can see that Coward the lyricist has been the slyly sophisticated offspring of W.S. Gilbert. Satirically, he could spoof the empire's topeless Englishman who went out in the midday sun because he had a fond underlying assumption that that sun would never set. Temperamentally, Coward is a child of the '20s, that era of wonderfully liberating nonsense. He was one of the first philosophers of "doing your own thing," but lightheartedly and rather gallantly, without the grim puritan ardor of bra burning or the dubious courage of milling about in vast herds.

JOURNEY'S END A feast for worms, a season in hell make up the grim menu and locale of R.C. Sheriff's play. In war, Death never retreats: the fear of it is the one bad dream from which the soldier cannot awaken. The undescribed campaign of every war is the tactical offensive that men improvise against Death. Ostensibly, this play is about British officers in a World War I bunker on the edge of no man's land as they prepare to meet a big German attack. The strength and verity of the work is that these men are being tested not by Germans, but by Death.

Facing that ordeal, some joke and some jeer, some cringe and some cry, some drink and some pray. No man is born brave, but it is a brave sight to see a man acquire courage, and *Journey's End* shows us that too. This is a spare, sharp, impeccable revival, never quaint, never condescending, never squandering any surplus energy on belaboring the obvious by bad-mouthing war. The entire cast, and especially Peter Egan's taut, tart, nerve-shelled Captain Stanhope, deserves medals at the curtain.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT It was in the role of Captain Stanhope that an unknown actor named Laurence Olivier astonished London in 1928. The striding of the West End has become the titan of the modern stage. He excels, yet again, in *Long Day's Journey into Night*, as the celebrated actor-patriarch of the undisguised O'Neill clan.

If statuary can denote drama, *Long Day's Journey* may be the Laocöon of plays—a doomed family tragically locked in the serpentine coils of the past. The play seems to grow with each revival, and the present National Theater production is the best ever. Witnessing an Olivier undertake a great role by a great dramatist is like watching a god serve a god. One also watches how an incomparable actor shifts his centers of strength. This time, Olivier's eyes seem dominant—wide, melancholy pools of bruised wisdom, anvils sparked with anger, slits of caustic contempt.

Yet he does not overshadow the other players. They perform together with the intuitive affinity of a fine string quartet. As the wife and mother, Constance

Cummings drifts into her morphine reverie like a child dozing off to a bedtime story. Her girlish monologue on how she once yearned to become a nun is such a palpable image of the unburied past that it seems to hover on the stage after she leaves it. The role has never been played more affectingly. As the older brother, Denis Quilley is a sportive charmer with an agile, mocking humor, a man of many-hued gifts, all blurred by drink. Broodingly, brilliantly, Ronald Pickup kindles a raging purpose in

FOR DOWNING



OLIVIER IN "LONG DAY'S JOURNEY"
A god serves a god.

the tubercular frame of the younger brother, the playwright-to-be. To cap its triumph, the entire cast speaks American as if born to it, with a slight, finely inflected brogue that enhances the drama's keening Irish sorrow.

Despite the busy sights and sounds of the London theater, one element is missing: the unique vision and inimitable voice of a major playwright. Leading dramatists like Pinter and Osborne no longer seem to have the intense single-minded need for utterance that launched their careers. Playwrights like David Storey, Edward Bond, John Arden, Peter Shaffer and Tom Stoppard form an imposing secondary rank; but until now, at least, they have shown certain limits in scope, authority and theme, rather like pianists employing only the black keys.

The most distinguished drama in London is *Long Day's Journey*, the finest musical is *Company* (TIME, May 11, 1970), and the most satisfying participatory experiment is the sensory theater of touch as represented by the *Liquid Theater*, which had its origins in Los Angeles. Does this suggest that the London theater may need the U.S. for something more than summer audiences?

■ T.E. Kalem

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How Safe the Atom?

Are nuclear power plants safe? For years the Atomic Energy Commission has insisted that they are. For one thing, the AEC argues, the plants are equipped with so many redundant safety devices that any conceivable accident simply could not occur. For another, they are designed to the most rigorous specifications of any peacetime industry. But evidence has recently accumulated that the AEC's position is not as secure as it sounds. The commission held extensive hearings at Bethesda, Md., to allow nuclear critics, who represented a coalition of 60 citizen groups, to dispute the effectiveness of a safety device called the "emergency core cooling system." This back-up complex of pipes and valves is designed to bathe the hot reactor core with cooling water if the main-cooling system fails. Since the system has not ever actually been tested, not even in scale models, scientists have had to depend on mathematical models to decide whether it would really work. In the hearings, much to the AEC's chagrin, many of its own top nuclear-safety experts testified that "technically indefensible" assumptions were being made about the device. One AEC scientist even went so far as to label AEC rules governing operation of the cooling system "a triumph of hope over reason."

Bad Rods. There is also disturbing evidence that the nuclear fuel rods in one kind of big atomic plant have bent, crushed or cracked during normal operations. (So have those in a comparable plant in Switzerland.) What makes this problem especially troublesome is the fact that the fuel rods are among the most thoroughly tested part of any nuclear plant. The damage therefore probably cannot be traced to the simplest explanation: shoddy workmanship. Instead, it may have a more serious, generic cause: the rods, designed for and proved in a previous generation of smaller reactors, may simply not stand the higher pressures and temperatures of today's big reactors. Even so, the rods do not pose an imminent hazard to public safety—except in the unlikely event of a failure of the cooling system. Says a respected engineer "We haven't the foggiest idea how this fuel would behave in such an accident."

In any case, the AEC has concluded that it would rather be safe than sorry. It just ordered that seven plants* must operate at restricted power levels until a crash study on the fuel problem is completed later this fall.

* Among them: the Robert E. Ginna reactor near Rochester, N.Y.; Palisades near Katonah, N.Y.; Maine Yankee at Wiscasset, Me.; Indian Point No. 2 at Buchanan, N.Y.; Beach Point No. 2 at Two Creeks, Wis.; Turkey Point No. 3 on Florida's Biscayne Bay; and Surry No. 2 in Gravel Neck, Va.

TICKETS

Bay Area Rapid Transit



BART's automatic ticket-vending machine (above) and sample ticket.



Big X for the Bay

It all sounds like something thought up by Stanley Kubrick for the movie *2001*. The silent central control room houses giant twin computers that send dozens of sleek, 80-m.p.h. silvery-aluminum passenger trains sizzling silently into stations at intervals as close as 90 seconds. Each train has only one blue-jumpsuit-clad attendant, and he allows computers to run the controls except in the event of an emergency. Even tickets are sold (in amounts up to \$20) by machine. The buyer inserts coins or bills; after an electronic eye scans them, the machine gives forth a credit-card-sized ticket. Thereafter, the passenger merely enters whatever station he likes and sticks his ticket into automatic fare collectors that swiftly calculate fares (from 30¢ to \$1.25, depending on the length of the journey) and electronically subtract the right amount from the ticket.

The ride itself is quiet, gentle—no lurching starts or jerking halts—and, above all, comfortable. Wool carpet covers the car floors, and there are no commuter straps above the cantilevered seats—the system hopes to provide each rider with a seat. Electronic equipment maintains a running check on each train's mechanical health. There are automatic doors, air conditioning and stations glowing in a dazzling, multicolored array of huge graphics, enamel murals, mosaic columns and Fiberglas reliefs.

This would be an impressive package by any standard. For residents of the San Francisco region, who will see the \$1.4 billion Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) begin operation this week, it represents not only a considerable achievement—it is the first new rail

transit system to be built in the U.S. in 65 years—but something of a challenge as well. BART was built as an attempt to entice San Francisco commuters out of their cars and onto a fast, smooth rail transport system that serves the entire Bay Area. Says Lawrence Dahms, BART's assistant general manager for planning and public service: "The basic reason behind BART was not just to keep people from building more freeways but to change development policy. Since 1946, America has put its money in Detroit and highways. The result was sprawling suburbs. Can we turn the corner on that old, auto-oriented policy?"

Fund Failure. Apparently the voters of three Bay Area counties—San Francisco, Alameda and Contra Costa—thought so in 1962, when they approved a \$792 million bond issue to fund construction. BART was intended to order growth more rationally than new highways on the theory that development follows a rail system's route while highways are usually built wherever anyone develops the land. Beyond that, the planners argued that BART would allow poor city-dwellers to get to new industrial jobs in the booming suburbs. But what really explained the vote, cynics say, was that most motorists simply hoped that the rail system would keep other cars off the congested roads; the individual driver had no intention of riding the rails himself.

In any case, the new system was a long time in coming. It was delayed by technical problems, political squabbles and, most of all, by inflation. In the late 1960s, the money ran out. Only aid from the state, a locally imposed sales tax and federal funds kept the ambitious project alive. The long years of



LANEY
COLLEGE
8th STREET



Dramatically modern, BART's 34 stations are meant to change rail transit's traditional drab image. Richmond (top) has a huge, intricate Fiberglass sculpture and crisply designed automatic entry and exit gates. At left, Glen Park's cheerfully painted beams and recessed lights enliven the view of subterranean tracks. Bold graphics at the Lake Merritt station (above) clearly mark an exit.



Left: The simple abstract design gives the sheer wall at Orinda station a pleasing human scale. Below: Each air-conditioned new BART car has wide seats, carpeted floors and tinted windows. Bottom: The sleek aluminum trains speed almost noiselessly up to 80 m.p.h. on the system's extra-wide tracks.



ENVIRONMENT

construction were marked by lawsuits, as well as by a succession of knotty technical problems and press charges of waste and incompetence. There were times when it seemed that BART might be abandoned.

On opening day, in fact, only 28 miles of what eventually will be a 75-mile network will be ready. By next year, however, the entire system is expected to be operative. The first stretch links Oakland, in the East Bay area, with Fremont in the south. The next will reach north to Richmond. Other arms will extend east to Concord and west under the Bay into San Francisco and down the peninsula to Daly City. The X-shaped system will touch every urban population concentration in the three counties, linking up an estimated 2.5 million people.

If BART works as expected, it will cut travel times by anywhere from 30% to 80%. For example, the trip from Oakland to San Francisco will take nine minutes, compared with 35 to 45 minutes by car in rush-hour traffic via the Bay Bridge.

Side Benefits. BART's promise has sparked a \$1 billion office-building boom in downtown San Francisco, plus a major beautification program the length of Market Street. In the suburbs, new homes and apartments are sprouting near the system's stations, and land values have been rising steadily along its route. Whether BART will in fact realize its planners' original far-reaching goals is still moot, mainly because the system is so much shorter than first planned. "We would like to think we've been a catalyst for good things," says Dahms, "but it's too early to tell." Environmental organizations like the Sierra Club's Bay Chapter, however, have wasted no time in praising BART as a "reasonable alternative to freeways and the sprawl and smog they inevitably bring."

Another side benefit is aesthetic. BART's 34 stations are designed to be bright and appealing—quite a change from the usual dreary transit stop. The main station at Lake Merritt even has a pool and a plaza. About a third of its extra-wide tracks will be underground and out of sight. Another third will use freeway medians, and the rest will be elevated on graceful concrete columns. BART has spent \$7.5 million on landscaping alone.

The crucial issue, of course, is whether enough people will ride the lines. BART is expected to pay its own way. (One reason for all the space-age automation was to minimize the labor costs that account for about 80% of the costs of the East Coast's deficit-ridden transit systems.) Projections for 1975 predict 200,000 riders on weekdays, or 60 million a year. This would account for 11% of the present commuting traffic. But a telephone survey indicated that only 7% of those questioned intend to use the system once it goes into operation.

Can BART corral more? Dahms is optimistic, and many another U.S. city is waiting anxiously for the results, since most urban planners agree that new highways exacerbate rather than solve traffic-congestion problems. For the future shape of U.S. cities, a lot depends on BART.

Block That Bee!

Like an insect version of Genghis Khan, the fierce Brazilian bees are coming. Millions of them are swarming northward from the Amazon basin at the rate of 200 miles a year, liquidating passive colonies of native bees in their path, quick to sting—and sometimes kill—any unwary animal or person. At their present rate they will conquer all of South America in the next ten years, and start to invade Central America. Unless stopped by man, the bees will eventually invade Mexico and the southern U.S.

Ironicly, it was man who loosed the troublesome bee in the first place. In 1956 Warwick Kerr, a Brazilian geneticist in the state of São Paulo, decided to breed the perfect honey-producing bee. He wanted to combine the best attributes of the hard-working but highly aggressive African bee (*Apis mellifera adansonii*) with gentler but lazier European strains. Before the hybridization could occur, 26 swarms of African bees accidentally escaped, mated with native bees, flourished and spread. The offspring, known as Brazilian honey bees, are precisely what Kerr wanted to avoid; they have inherited none of the redeeming qualities of European bees, while keeping the African strain's viciousness and wanderlust. As a result, according to a report recently released jointly by the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council, they have taken over an area from Argentina's



THE BRAZILIAN HONEY BEE
A stinging horde.

temperate pampas to the Amazon's tropical forests.

Wherever it goes, the Brazilian strain attracts attention—most of it bad. When provoked, even by the vibrations caused by nearby farm machinery, the bee releases a hormone chemical that starts it off on a sort of kamikaze attack on anything that moves. The bees are now officially blamed for the deaths of ten Brazilians (one farm worker near Rio de Janeiro succumbed to more than 1,000 stings) and, unofficially, for any bee "bite" anywhere in Brazil. Even horses, mules and chickens have been killed by them. Nonetheless, they produce quantities of honey, and intrepid beekeepers raise them, though the hives are moved well away from populated areas. These bees work longer and harder than native species, even in light rain and after dark. But they chase any hapless victim that has aroused their wrath for long distances, are prone to rob other hives of honey, and often migrate suddenly from their hives to establish colonies in the wild—a clear loss for the commercial beekeeper. All in all, says the study, "it is essential to minimize the likelihood of this bee moving into North America."

To block its advance, the report recommends setting up a kind of anti-bee Maginot Line across the natural bottleneck of Central America. All it would take is the development of a completely new species whose dominant traits would make it "relatively unaggressive, nonswarming, nonmigratory and equal to the Brazilian bee in foraging activity." This "genetic barrier" would in effect tame the Brazilian bee by breeding out the worst qualities.

The problem is to get this newest bee off the drawing boards. Latin countries do not have funds for the necessary research, and the U.S. Department of Agriculture has not committed itself to the project. Besides, there is always the chance that the new strain would escape before it was fully developed and...

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TAXES

Capital Gains Under Fire

AN executive who earns \$30,000 in salary this year could easily wind up paying \$5,180 in federal income tax. His neighbor who also makes \$30,000, but gets it entirely in the form of profit on the sale of stock, could pay less than half as much. Is that fair? To Richard Nixon's economists, the lower tax on the stock profit is both a just reward for capitalist risk taking and a necessary stimulant to investment. To George

increased federal income taxes during the remainder of his Administration.

McGovern would tax capital gains at the same rates that apply to wages, salaries, interest and dividends—up to a new maximum of 48% on all types of income. To soften the blow, he would permit anyone realizing an unusually large capital gain to average it for tax purposes over an as yet unspecified number of years. By 1975, he figures, the reform would raise \$7 billion a year from individuals and \$1 billion from corporations. Another \$4 billion would come from taxing gains in the value of assets that remain unsold at the owner's death: at present such gains escape taxation altogether.

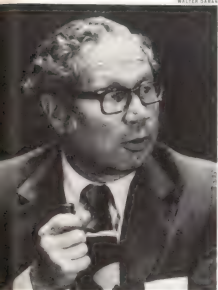
Ability to Pay. But is the capital gains preference really a loophole? One reason capital gains get special tax treatment is that they often represent the payoff from investments made at considerable risk of loss. They may take generations to accumulate—and, says Treasury Secretary George Shultz, over any long period inflation is likely to make the true value of a capital gain much smaller than the gross sum that seems impressive on paper. Such gains are usually reinvested to build up more capital. Supporters of the present capital gains tax rule argue in addition that the levy should be kept low because it is a form of double taxation: the money put into investments was originally earned—and taxed—as income.

McGovern insists that capital gains must be taxed as ordinary income in order to make the revenue system obey the cardinal principle of levying taxes in accordance with ability to pay. The Senator's supporters argue that the progressive nature of the federal-state tax system has been undermined by federal income tax rate cuts that have benefited the rich most of all, and by great increases in sales, property and Social Security taxes, which bear most heavily on the poor. Capital gains taxes, so the argument goes, must be raised in order to redress the balance.

Supporters of Nixon's position counter that raising capital gains taxes will discourage rich and middle-income people from investing their savings. Economist Pierre Rinfret, a Nixon spokesman, insists that the U.S. already has the highest capital gains taxes in the industrial world, and that stiffening them further will "penalize the capital formation without which we don't grow." David Grove, a nonpartisan member of TIME's Board of Economists, worries that the rich will not only invest less but will not indulge in risky

bankrolling of promising new companies and will instead stick to blue chips. Conservative economists also fear that hitting capital gains will prompt many investors simply to sit on stock or property in which they have large paper profits rather than selling, paying the tax and putting the money to work somewhere else.

Some McGovernites concede that investment may be reduced, but contend that the effect will be so small as to constitute a minor price to pay for greater tax equity. The impact, they say, will be largely offset by the Senator's proposal to change the top tax rate on all kinds of income to 48%: that will



McGOVERN ADVISER PECHMAN
Income is income.

McGovern's followers, the preference is the biggest "loophole" in the tax code. Says McGovern: "Money made by money should be taxed at the same rate as money made by men. Tax justice demands equal treatment for Americans who earn their living with a shovel or a slide rule and Americans who live on stock market and property gains."

At issue is the tax on capital gains, which can apply to profits on the sale of not only of securities but also of houses, co-op apartments, land, cattle, patents, unharvested pecans—almost any asset held more than six months. Since 1921 such profits have been taxed at low rates—in most cases only half as much as wage or salary income. There is a maximum tax rate on capital gains, which under Nixon has been raised from 25% to 35%—vs. a top 50% on salary and wage income and 70% on dividends, interest and rent. The President proposes no further change. Last week he pledged not to ask for any



TREASURY SECRETARY SHULTZ
Don't drill holes.

enable affluent people to keep more of their incomes, especially from rents, interest and dividends, and thus give them more cash to invest. Taxing capital gains at death will force into the marketplace much money now tied up in stocks and property that wealthy people plan to pass on to their heirs.

Joseph Pechman, a leading tax-reform authority who drafted much of McGovern's current program, argues forcefully that in the long run the level of investment depends not on tax rates but on the vigor of the economy. That contention illustrates a profound difference in philosophy, broadly speaking. Nixonians view investment as the most important force powering economic growth, while McGovernites give priority to consumer spending. McGovern himself has quoted John Kennedy's remark that "a rising tide lifts all the boats." But Treasury Secretary Shultz had a ready reply: "We must be careful we don't drill holes in the boats."

PERSONALITIES

Bureaucrat with a Bang

At a press briefing marking the first anniversary of President Nixon's New Economic Policy, Donald Rumsfeld, the Cost of Living Council director, paid tribute to an "unsung hero of wage-price control, a man 'with whom no question has contributed as much to the design and development and establishment of Phase II as any human being'—one Marvin Koster."

Marvin *who?* A slight, dark-haired 39-year-old economist, Koster is a prime example of the almost invisible bureaucrat who exercises great power. His title is Assistant Director for Planning and Analysis of the COLC, which means he is the man with the figures, the individual who analyzes problems for the prominent policymaking chiefs—five Cabinet members sit on the COLC. Koster is a cool, precise hard worker; he wastes no time exhaustively analyzing dozens of ideas that he does not think will work. Instead he marshals his figures to point toward a single clear course of action. Largely because he knows more about complex economic details than higher-ups do, many Phase II policies reflect his viewpoint.

Koster sees controls as a kind of collapsible boat, to be used in an emergency, then folded up and put away completely. He received his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, the bastion of Milton Friedman's extreme free-market economics. And that, Koster observes dryly, "leaves no one unmarked." He worked for five years for the Rand Corp., later for the Council of Economic Advisers, and then the Labor Department until Nixon started the COLC.

Cost-Push. Koster joined with the firm conviction that controls should be aimed at "cost-push" inflation—the type that results when wages and prices drive each other up in a rising spiral. He insisted that controls disturb the free market as little as possible. Koster's first stand was to argue—successfully—for exempting whole categories of prices, including many rents and most second-hand items. "Take used cars," he says. "They are not part of the production process."

On the other hand, Koster has spotted price trends that seem to call for quick Government action. An obscure price increase in hardwood maple led him to suspect that lumber prices in general were about to jump. On his recommendation, the COLC put under controls small and medium-sized lumber mills, which had been exempted. Koster claims that in some cases they were buying lumber from big mills at controlled prices and selling it on the open market for much more. Last month Koster convinced Rumsfeld that requests by automakers for price boosts on 1973 cars should be resisted. He argued that Detroit could make fat prof-

its through increased sales even without price boosts. The Price Commission rejected General Motors' and Ford's increases (TIME, Sept. 11).

On the wage side, at the start of Phase II Koster felt that many unions were entitled to substantial pay increases in order to catch up with past price inflation. But he urged that the line be drawn against aerospace workers when they won a big pay hike. To Koster, the boost defied free-market economics; heavy layoffs in aerospace dictated modest increases, but pay was rising sharply because historically it had followed auto-industry wages. If wage inflation cannot be held down in an industry with an oversupply of labor, Koster argued, it cannot be held down anywhere. The Pay Board shaved the aerospace rise, setting a precedent that

WALTER BENNETT



COLC ASSISTANT DIRECTOR KOSTER
Almost invisible power.

has since enabled it to reduce other increases.

Koster jokes that wage-price controls must be working, and working evenhanded, because "business is complaining that it cannot survive on recession profits and labor says it is being forced to swallow inflation—when the figures show that real wages and profits are both up." The major flaw is that food prices, which are largely uncontrolled, are rising rapidly, undermining consumer confidence in the whole program. Koster still argues that food prices reflect not cost-push inflation but the pressure of demand upon a limited supply. He is beginning to wonder, however, whether controls may have to be extended to cover "demand-pull" inflation. In pondering such problems, Koster thinks of himself as a practical man rather than an ideologue; he pledges that any price that is rising sharply will get quick COLC attention.

CREDIT

Money Will Cost More

Powered by rising corporate and consumer spending, the economy is zipping ahead faster than most experts had earlier anticipated. Alan Greenspan, a member of TIMF's Board of Economists, forecasts that the gross national product this year will expand by \$101 billion—comfortably ahead of the Administration's original goal. Next year, says Greenspan, the G.N.P. should do even better, increasing by \$111 billion, to an awesome \$1,263 billion or so. Sweeter still, Greenspan predicts that more than 6% of this year's growth will be real and not caused by rising prices. Another board member, Otto Eckstein, puts the growth figure at \$101 billion for this year and about \$110 billion for next year.

That good news comes with a reminder that a vigorous economy exacts its price, part of which is upward pressure on interest rates caused by the surge in loan demand. Short-term interest rates continued to climb last week, making borrowing more expensive. Rates on commercial paper rose by as much as three-eighths of 1% to 5%. Short-term Treasury-bill rates went up to 4.57%, the highest in almost a year, and in a move that other banks are certain to follow, New York's First National City Bank raised its prime lending rate to businessmen from 5 1/4% to 5 3/4%.

Moderate Policy. Moreover, this fall the Treasury will have to start borrowing heavily to finance a ballooning federal deficit—a move that will help push rates even higher. Greenspan expects the deficit to reach \$35.6 billion in this fiscal year, up from the Administration's estimated \$27 billion. Some economists expect that most short-term interest rates will reach at least 6% by the end of 1972. While this will most immediately affect corporate borrowing costs, within a year the trend could boost rates of small consumer loans and home mortgages.

The independent Federal Reserve Board is not expected to try to offset rising rates by pumping out more money, though President Nixon would like to see borrowing costs kept reasonably low until after the election. Despite some signs of monetary expansion in recent weeks, the board's members, concerned about the dangers of greater inflation, will probably continue to hold to a moderate policy of feeding out just enough money to meet the needs of the economy. The biggest beneficiaries are the commercial banks, which have been borrowing heavily from the Federal Reserve. They pay the Fed's discount fee of only 4 1/2% to borrow money but charge far higher rates to their customers. So far, the Fed has held back from lifting its discount rate, partly because it does not want to jeopardize the economy by giving the slightest impression that it is adopting a tighter policy.

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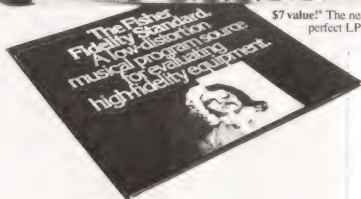
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CONSUMERISM

The New Centurions



NEW YORK CITY'S BESS MYERSON



CALIFORNIA'S JOHN KEHOE



THE shock troops in the battle for consumer protection have long been citizens' groups and individuals who received little government support, financial or otherwise. In recent years, however, as consumerism has grown into a potent political force, officials at every level of government have got into the act by creating their own consumer offices. Many of these tax-supported agencies have been increasingly effective in guarding the public against television-repair gyms, cheating furniture dealers, heavy-thumbed butchers and other unscrupulous businessmen.

Not every government excursion into consumerism has been a rousing success. Most disappointing has been the Nixon Administration's Office of Consumer Affairs, headed by Virginia Knauer, a pleasant Philadelphia matron who has been a muted consumer champion. On the whole, though, the new consumer centurions are active and able. Some notable examples:

► New York City's Consumer Affairs Commissioner Bess Myerson, 48, best symbolizes the clout of official consumer advocates. Myerson, who was Miss America in 1945, is paid \$35,000 a year. She has worked, wheedled and fought to gain power for her agency, including the right to write and enforce its own regulations against deceptive advertising, spurious vocational schools and high-pressure collection agencies. Her four-year-old, 350-member department is buttressed by a \$3.5 million annual budget, and has a young legal staff that is empowered to move swiftly to prosecute businessmen who break consumer laws and to get back money for customers who can show that they were cheated. The department's 80 inspectors fan out daily through the city to check stores and issue citations on violations, including improper labeling and false weights and measures; fines range as high as \$250. Notes Myerson: "The main thing is to aim the artillery at the people who are preying on the poor."

► California's two-year-old department of consumer affairs is rapidly becoming the state's most active agency largely because of its director, John Kehoe, 42, a former legislative aide to Governor Ronald Reagan. Kehoe, who gets along well with the state's lawmakers, helped guide through the legislature a law creating the nation's first bureau of auto repair. Every auto-repair shop in the state must adhere to such basic standards as making all cost estimates in writing and clearly noting if the parts used are rebuilt. They must also post prominently the bureau's telephone

number, which consumers can call toll free if they believe that they are being cheated. In addition, Kehoe set up a department of consumer services to collect and act on consumer complaints. In July alone the department got 6,000 complaints—many about housing-repair contractors. All told, the department helped to bring legal action, including license suspensions and cease-and-desist orders, in 2,371 cases.

► Los Angeles started its bureau of consumer affairs just five months ago, but under its general manager, Fern Jellison, a veteran city employee, it has already run up a strong record. So far it has received more than 4,500 complaints, which involved a wide range of businesses from questionable land-sale schemes to fast-buck health-spa operations. Many of these complaints are resolved informally by one of the bureau's 14 investigators who visit the accused businessmen. The bureau has obtained refunds and cost adjustments amounting to \$267,000. Says Jellison: "No one in our bureau says 'Sorry, we have no jurisdiction.' We pride ourselves on cutting through bureaucratic red tape."

► In the Pittsburgh area, Donna Deaner, 30, a onetime newspaper and television journalist, directs the Allegheny County consumer affairs bureau. Since its founding 18 months ago, Deaner and her staff of six investigators have worked informally with merchants, salesmen and repairmen to resolve thousands of consumer complaints and have managed to get back \$150,000 for aggrieved shoppers. Though the bureau lacks the power to levy fines, it has made its weight felt. When investigators discovered recently that several supermarkets in the city were labeling \$1.59-a-lb. rib roast as \$2.19-a-lb. club steak, and selling rump as more expensive eye-round cuts, Deaner warned the store managers to stop. When they did not, she told the press, and the practice ceased. Still Deaner believes that her department should be able to enforce consumer fraud laws, and she is preparing a bill for the state legislature that would give it such power. Says she: "All we can depend on at present is publicity and the truth."

► Minnesota's Consumer Service Section, headed by Director Sherry Chenoweth, 29, a former television news reporter, is the state's key consumer guardian. In the first seven months of this year, acting on complaints about auto-repair overcharges and pushy door-to-door selling tactics, the section has helped persuade businessmen to re-

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BUSINESS

turn \$60,000 to cheated consumers. Recently a promoter came into the state promising big earnings to people who bought distributorships for Mini Meal candy bars, which he claimed were developed for astronauts. Section investigators wangled an invitation to a closed sales presentation and decided that the earnings claims were wildly overblown. Chenoweth persuaded the promoter to get out of the state. Now she aims to get the legislature to approve a bill that would require all auto-repair firms and car dealers to be licensed, so that if a firm were proved to be cheating, the state could put it out of business.

NEW PRODUCTS

Television on a Disk

For years cassette television has been an idea whose time has almost come. Video visionaries have been promising that some day soon no living room will be complete without a video-tape player and recorder, along with a library of cassettes. Some companies have been putting movie classics on cassettes, as well as cooking lessons, travelogues and courses for salesmen and doctors. Many of the biggest companies in consumer electronics—RCA, CBS, Sony, Telefunken, Decca, Ampex, Avco—have poured fortunes into developing cassettes or special player attachments for home television sets that, any day now, would revolutionize TV.

So far, only two video cassette systems—Sony's U-matic (\$1,395) and Cartridge Television's Cartrivision (\$1,350)—have made it to the showroom floor in the U.S. Both are combinations of TV sets and cassette-player attachments, but they are too expensive for the mass market. Sony has sold some 15,000 U-matics in the U.S. since their introduction last year—nearly all of them to schools, hospitals, businesses and other institutions. Last month Ford Motor Co. bought 4,000 for use in its dealer-education program. Since June Cartrivision has been offered for sale in some Sears, Macy's and Montgomery Ward stores, but only a few hundred at most have been sold. Cartrivision's makers hope to have a \$700 model available next May that can be attached to an ordinary television set.

One of the brightest spots on the home screen appeared last week when N.V. Philips' Gloeilampenfabrieken, the Dutch electronics giant, demonstrated a new video system. It consists of a device the size of a phonograph turntable, which attaches to an ordinary TV set. Instead of book-sized cassettes, it uses, lightweight aluminum-coated disks that resemble long-playing records. Philips' scientists predict that the set attachment and the disks could be mass-produced within three years.

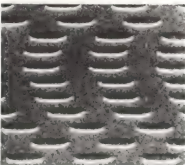
The company's marketing specialists anticipate a list price of \$400 to

\$500—about the cost of a color TV—for the attachment. Prerecorded disks would not be priced much higher than phonograph LPs and would contain 90 minutes of programming (45 minutes on each side). Video-tape cassettes now sell for about \$35 and contain an hour's viewing time.

Other companies have been experimenting with disks, but none have yet squeezed more than 20 minutes viewing



KRAMER WITH PHILIPS PLAYER



PITS SEEN THROUGH MICROSCOPE
Movies from LPs.

time onto each side. In order to produce the high frequency signals needed to create a video image, the disks have to spin up to 1,500 revolutions per minute; at that speed a needle whips through them too fast. The Philips system, developed by Video Research Chief Hajo Meyer, Dr. Piet Kramer and their 25-person team, uses a helium-neon laser beam instead of a needle. And instead of grooves, Philips' shiny aluminum disks have millions of microscopic "pits" that produce variations in the intensity of the laser beam's reflection as the disk

spins. A photodetector translates the reflection into electrical impulses, which are then fed to the TV screen. The color is truer than that of any image transmitted over the air from a TV station. The disk could also carry stereo sound along with the picture.

Kramer's twelve-inch-wide platters have another important advantage over video tape: they can freeze an image on the screen. A viewer can read a book on his TV set and turn pages at his own speed; a teacher can show a recorded lecture to her art class and let the image of Michelangelo's *David* linger on the screen while she digresses on Renaissance political thought; a golfer can stop Jack Nicklaus' swing just at the point where his own club usually goes awry. Using disks instead of tape does have a disadvantage: a video fan cannot make his own recordings. Both the Sony U-matic and the Cartrivision system can be sold with their own cameras for home taping, for at least \$250 extra. On the other hand, most companies offer cassettes that do not work on a competitor's player—a situation reminiscent of the record-speed war that stymied the growth of the recording industry in the early 1950s.

Even the most optimistic cassette-TV executive concedes that it will be at least three years before a large consumer video market can develop. When it does, it will be worth waiting for. In the U.S. alone, more families have television sets than bathtubs. The entire world is a well-tubed market for video tapes, disks, players and recorders in what could become a multibillion-dollar industry.

LABOR

The \$94,000 Hardhat

In the heat of debate over labor contracts, more than one management negotiator has hyperbolically contended that some particularly rash union demand would turn the workers into millionaires. For a few fortunate union members, that is no longer a wild exaggeration—not since the New York *Times* uncovered the story of Tom Dowd, 39, a labor foreman working on the two 110-story towers that make up Manhattan's World Trade Center. During six years of scheduled work on the project, he stands to earn more than \$500,000 in wages. Last year alone Dowd cleared \$94,000, and the union of which he is a trustee, Local 14 of the Operating Engineers, has just won a pay boost. Says Dowd: "I made a good buck last year."

The reasons for Dowd's bonanza—and for an increasing number of other executive-size paychecks collected by construction unionists—are work rules that force employers to shell out huge sums in overtime pay. Annual wages of \$20,000 to \$40,000 for construction workers are not uncommon, particular-



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BUSINESS

ly in and around New York City. Dowd, as a kind of union straw boss called a "master mechanic," must be kept on the job at the World Trade Center whenever three or more operating engineers are on duty. Since operating engineers run the center's nighttime machinery, as well as all the cranes, bulldozers and hoisting equipment, three or more union members are on duty virtually all the time. And whenever three or more of them are on overtime, Dowd also collects overtime pay, no matter how few hours he has actually worked up to that time. Last year he knocked down \$76,000 in overtime, plus his base wage of \$18,000. That means he was earning doubletime pay

and New Jersey), to the buildings' tenants and ultimately to the public. The cost of the Trade Center, originally projected in 1964 at \$350 million, has steadily increased; including some work not planned on then, the total bill is now estimated at \$700 million.

INVESTMENTS

A Future in Gold

In much of the world, gold bars and coins are still hoarded as a favored form of wealth—the kind that printing presses can never turn out. Indeed, despite the view of most economists that gold—or any other scarce but durable natural commodity—cannot reliably serve as the basis for complex modern monetary systems, recent devaluations and exchange problems have increased the number of gold worshippers. Apparently they are about to get a new temple.

This week in Canada the 350 members of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange are expected to approve the opening of the world's first market in gold futures. (They also plan to rename their organization the Winnipeg Commodities Exchange.) The buyers—both speculators and the big industrial users—would be people who expect the price of gold to rise. Working through a broker, they would put up 10% of the purchase price and get a contract for delivery at a future date up to 18 months away. Sellers would be people who expect the price to fall.

Many investors might be attracted to this cut-rate gold trading. Since 1968 the price of "free-market" gold—that is, the bullion not held in monetary reserves but used for industrial purposes and speculation—has shot to historic highs. It is now \$67.10 an ounce, v. the "official" price of \$38 for the gold held by nations in their reserves. Last week Treasury Under Secretary Paul Volcker reiterated U.S. determination to keep the official rate steady, despite the desire of France and South Africa to raise it once again.

Piece of Paper. In the U.S., where the ownership of gold (except in jewelry, dental fillings and a few other non-monetary forms) has been illegal since 1933, Winnipeg's plans may foreshadow a new tilt between the Treasury and investors. Some investors claim that the technicalities of futures trading make that particular form of gold dealing perfectly legal. After all, most speculators in futures dispose of the commodity without ever taking delivery. The holder of a gold futures contract would merely keep, and eventually sell, a piece of paper—in much the same manner that investors in gold-mining companies are permitted by the Treasury to handle their stock certificates. Winnipeg Exchange Chairman Robert Purves says that he "definitely expects" U.S. investors to trade in gold futures.

The U.S. Treasury Department re-

mains magnificently unimpressed by that logic. "We have determined that the purchase of a gold futures contract is the same as a purchase of gold itself," says Thomas W. Wolfe, director of the Office of Domestic Gold and Silver Operations. "It would certainly be an illegal activity for the 99.9% of us who have no Government authorization to deal in gold." Traditionally, the Government has feared that any form of U.S. ownership of monetary gold might lead to an alternative—and possibly preferred—form of tender, thus weakening the dollar. The threatened gold war between investors and the Treasury may eventually have to be settled in the courts.

AUTOS

Goofs by the Great

Cadillac takes pride in living up to its advertising slogan—"A Tradition of Excellence." Rarely has the company been forced to publicly admit product goofs by issuing hefty recall orders. But recently the General Motors division has been in the news twice, and both times the headlines involved defects.

Last month Cadillac announced that it was recalling 3,900 of the 267-787 vehicles it made this model year. In seven known instances, a weak rear axle had caused the back wheels to separate from the chassis. The endangered vehicles included all Cadillac hearses made this year, as well as floral cars, ambulances and limousines. Presumably, the drivers and passengers in some funeral processions have been running some risk of hastening their own.

Then Washington's Center for Auto Safety, which was spawned by Ralph Nader, charged that Cadillac officials had purposely concealed a "life-and-death safety defect" on 1959-60 model cars for nearly 13 years. The problem was in a part called the Pitman arm, a crucial component of the steering system. Center spokesmen said that the metal used in the Pitman arms of more than 200,000 cars was not sufficiently strong and that three people have died in accidents that may have been caused by the faulty part. They also charged that Cadillac officials in 1968 discussed issuing a recall but concluded that it would cause too much trouble.

G.M. spokesmen insist that the company "has no record or recollection of any meeting concerning a possible recall campaign" on 1959-60 Cadillacs. Nevertheless, Cadillac officials "are conducting a thorough investigation." The center estimates that about 100,000 of the cars are still on the road—impressive testimony to Cadillac's durability. If they are now involved in a recall, their numbers would make a significant addition to an already embarrassing statistic: during the past nine months, Detroit's automakers have recalled more cars than they produced.



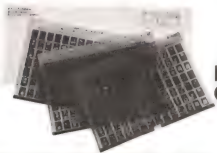
FOREMAN AT WORLD TRADE CENTER
A bed on the job.

of \$20.90 per hour for an average ten hours of every day of the year.

Dowd's job often is not particularly taxing, and his private quarters at the site are equipped with a bed and a refrigerator. He is primarily a liaison man between the contractor and the team of operating engineers. By his definition he is a "labor mediator." Paul Richards, head of New York State's building chapter of Associated General Contractors of America, sees Dowd's job in a slightly different way. Says he: "The 'master mechanic' is nothing but a walking steward, and I think if you look at other major projects in New York State you will find the same thing."

Sky-high paychecks like Dowd's probably pose less of a problem than the aggregate of less outrageous but still grossly inflated wages paid to workers throughout the \$110 billion construction industry. Yet Dowd's semi-millionaire status is an example of needless expense that will be passed on in turn to the World Trade Center's owner the Port Authority of New York

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BOOKS

Tourist Trade

TO SERVE THEM ALL MY DAYS

by R.F. DELDERFIELD

638 pages, Simon & Schuster, \$8.95.

One can almost hear the anticipatory sigh going up from book clubbers, jolly olde Englanders, lending-library faithfuls and everybody's Aunt Sally across the land: another good read from Delderfield. *To Serve Them All My Days*—a chronicle about life in a British public school, is certainly that. But a good read is not necessarily a good write.

The point may be irrelevant. Delderfield, an Englishman who died at 60 last January, qualified in publishing terms as a phenomenon, which by all accounts—and accountants—put him beyond criticism. He was a Victorian three-decker novelist born out of his time. After a middling career both as a provincial journalist and a London playwright, he settled down in the 1950s at the age of 44 to what he conceived as his true calling: "To project the English way of life in the tradition of Hardy and Galsworthy."

Having started late, he worked fast, writing 4,000 words a day under the thatched roof of his converted coach house in Devon. The books poured out—sturdy, spacious narratives teeming with secondary characters, subplots, detailed social background and satisfying verdant county settings. Too long, too old-fashioned, too English, thought American publishers. But then in 1964 *A Horseman Riding By*, the first of Delderfield's Devonshire family sagas, sold an impressive 20,000 copies in the U.S. By 1970 the Delderfield blend of history, sentiment and foursquare story-

telling could make *God Is an Englishman*—a runaway U.S. bestseller (60,000 copies in hard cover, 500,000 in paper).

God demonstrated the scope of Delderfield's ambition. It was the first of a projected five volumes in which he planned to trace the rise and fall and rise again of the Swann family, starting with the founding of its transport business at the height of the 19th-century Industrial Revolution and running down through the investiture of Prince Charles in 1969. The second, almost equally successful installment was last year's *Theirs Was the Kingdom*. Next fall will see the publication of Volume III, *Give Us This Day*, which Delderfield finished just before he died.

Moist Gaze. Meantime he gave *Days*. It is a characteristically hefty tome chronicling virtually every day in the life of an admirable West Country schoolmaster—a sort of block off the old Chips. Never mind the subversive rot that Waugh, Orwell and Cyril Connolly wrote about the English public school. Delderfield's Bamfylde is a cozy, character-building place. Pranks are played, rivalry rivalries worked out, young minds awakened, while over it all Delderfield nods with the benign and sometimes moist gaze of an Old Boy. There seems to be a streak of self-identification in the author's portrait of his hero. David Powlett-Jones. An ersatz while young reformer, Powlett-Jones endures two marriages, a love affair, assorted births and deaths, and the splutterings of the board of governors to become a mellow headmaster who puts his faith "in tradition, in ripeness, habit and continuity."

Those values are sound enough. Delderfield's affection for his school and characters, moreover, is both genuine and often catching. Yet in applying such qualities to fiction, Delderfield writes as if such innovators as James, Proust and Joyce had never existed. The result is that he ignores not only the changing forms of the modern novel but also the changing sensibilities that those forms reflect. His books invoke the sensibility of an earlier age in the same way that the tourist industry in his home county of Devon trades on the quaint charm of an older life-style. In Delderfield's fictional tourism, the reader is given duty-free passage through a world that may resemble the all too real world back home. But the scenery is slightly too synthetic and the humanity too much at arm's length to do more than entertain him in passing.

Thus a book like *Days* is only partly faithful to its models: it is Hardy without vision, Galsworthy without bite. But for the undemanding reader—or for any reader in an undemanding mood—it is as comfortable as an old couch. The Aunt Sally in all of us is going to love it. ■ Christopher Porterfield



IRVING GREET'S WIFE AFTER JAIL

Caper Sauce

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

by CLIFFORD IRVING with RICHARD SUSKIND
378 pages, Grove Press, \$1.95.

What really happened? The title protests a bit too much, implying that after the flood of words already published about the famous fabricated "autobiography" of Howard Hughes, only Clifford Irving, the famous fabricator, can tell the true story. To believe the confessions of Clifford Irving is a little like believing the confessions of Baron Munchausen; yet he tells his tale with a certain bravado. And one may satisfy a morbid interest by watching a man who could write his way into so much trouble (a prison sentence of 2½ years and debts of about \$1 million) trying to write his way out again.

Irving never really intended, he says, to keep the \$750,000 that he extracted from his publishers. He and his collaborator Richard Suskind originally planned nothing more wicked than "a gorgeous literary caper." As the plot deepened, he saw it as "a venture into the unknown, a testing of myself." His wife Edith approved, he recalls, and so did his mistress Nina van Pallandt: "You're quite, quite mad," Nina said to Irving when he told her of the project in their Mexican hotel bedroom, "but the world is mad, so what's the bloody difference? And I love you."

Even at the end, when Irving pleads guilty to charges of conspiracy to defraud, forgery and perjury (by his own account, he is also guilty of theft, plagiarism and libel), he still seems to believe that he hasn't done anything wrong: "I had demonstrated a cool contempt for the underpinnings of American society."

Irving appears to see himself as a defiant Hemingway hero. He begins his narrative with those familiar short sen-



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Foods of the World

Wouldn't it be exciting to surprise your family and friends with *Tournedos Henri IV*...the beefsteak and artichoke dish fit for a king? Or dress up a simple dinner with *Riz à l'impératrice*, the Bavarian cream dessert with rice and glazed fruit, named after the Empress Eugénie?

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When your copy of *Classic French Cooking* arrives, dip into the text...a fascinating history of the classic French cuisine by food authority Craig Claiborne and Pierre L. Franey, formerly executive chef of the Pavillon Restaurant. Note the renowned food experts (including the late Michael Field, James A. Beard, scholar-restaurateur George E. Lang, and Jacques Pépin, former chef to General de Gaulle) who collaborated with Time-Life editors

to create the book. Enjoy the illustrations...page after page of photographs, most in full color, of fabulous foods, the extraordinary people who created or dined on them, and the interesting places in which they were served.

Then try some of the recipes. That's the real thrill! For, as you'll quickly discover, this volume does something for the classic French cuisine that's never been done before. First, by showing you how to prepare the basic stocks and sauces, it gives you the key to virtually every dish in the classic French cuisine. Then, with recipes that spell out each detail, step by step, the book makes it easier than you ever thought possible to prepare memorable meals.

Perhaps you'll decide to try, first, one of the easiest tricks of all...a secret way of adding wonderful flavor to scrambled eggs created by the great chef, Escoffier, to please his friend, Sarah Bernhardt...and never revealed in his lifetime even to the incomparable Sarah herself. (The secret: to stir the eggs, use a knife with a clove

of garlic on the tip.) Or maybe you'll try something ambitious...like *coulmbin*, (a brioche loaf filled with salmon, mushrooms, velouté sauce and crêpes)...or *selle de veau Ortol* (saddle of veal with soubis, mushrooms, truffles and mornay sauce)...or *gâteau Saint-Honoré*, a cream puff and pastry cream cake that, quite by itself, is enough to turn any dinner into a celebration!

By this time you'll probably want to keep and use *Classic French Cooking* forever. Please do. It's yours for only \$5.95 (\$6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling, as your introduction to *Foods of the World*. And then you will receive another *Foods of the World* volume for free examination approximately every other month, and may keep it, if you wish, at the same low price. But first, do try *Classic French Cooking* for 10 days, entirely free. Should you decide not to keep the volume, you may return it and that's the end of the matter. Just fill out and mail the postage-paid card today. If card is missing, write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 6801, Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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Pêches Ninon... poached fresh peaches with molded, vanilla-flavored pudding and apricot glaze



Riz à l'impératrice... molded Bavarian cream with rice and glacéed fruits, encircled by raspberry sauce



Galantine de canard... ground mixture of duck with pork and veal, garnished with a tomato rose

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tences: "The *Juan March* stood off the docks of Palma harbor. I needed coffee." Like so many would-be Hemingway heroes, though, he sees the role largely in terms of self-indulgence. He has a *finca* and a Mercedes and a pet monkey, and he boasts of his romantic adventures in a prose style that would embarrass even the creator of *Across the River and into the Trees*. Of Nina, he writes: "Call it love, call it madness—it may have been both."

Yet amid all the now familiar stories about his flights to nonexistent meetings with nonexistent intermediaries of the mysterious millionaire, it is Irving's fantasy of the author-as-hero that provides the most interesting element in the book. This is the fascinating series of imaginary interviews with Howard Hughes.

Fed Up. Once the basic research had been done, Irving and Suskind simply sat down at a tape recorder, interviewed each other, and began spinning tales. They invented scandalous stories of how Hughes seduced his father's mistress while his father was watching, how Hughes once rescued a kleptomaniac aircraft executive from imprisonment for a theft of Oreo cookies, and how Hughes reluctantly went swimming in the nude with—of course—Ernest Hemingway. The imaginary Hughes had originally barged in on Hemingway in Sun Valley, introduced himself as a bush pilot and taken the novelist "for a spin" in his B-25 bomber. Later, "fed up with everything," he went to see Hemingway in Cuba but confessed his identity. "And, well, his attitude changed, and he began to talk about money. I didn't want Ernest pumping me about money."

Irving is so proud of his spurious account of the 13-year friendship between Hughes and Hemingway that he offers almost 20 pages of the transcript from his doomed "autobiography." In a strange way, he is justified. Even though the reader knows Irving never saw Hughes, and that the transcripts are wholly false, they sound more authentic than Irving's account of his own adventures. Hughes emerges as the tormented but rambunctious old pirate that he ought to be. Like Hans van Meergeren, who could forge Vermeers but could create nothing of much merit on his own, Novelist Irving achieved his one triumph by creating a fictional character out of a man who, unfortunately for Irving, was alive enough to rise up and suppress the falsification of his life.

This falsification poisons the prank. We do not ordinarily feel much pity for men like Hughes, but as we come to realize that Irving was planning to appropriate his victim's whole identity, to attribute to him any lie that sounded entertaining, and to rely on the assumption that Hughes was too old and too sick and too neurotic to defend himself, the whole tour de force seems less a caper than an assault.

The even more basic flaw in Ir-

ving's portrait of himself as heroic caper is his view that the gullible deserve to be gulled. "The name of the game" is a phrase that keeps coming from Suskind, who also likes to quote W.C. Fields' untrue statement that "you can't cheat an honest man." It is one thing to offer a gold brick to a stranger, but it is quite another to sell watered stock to your neighbors. Irving based his swindle on the fact that his own publishers knew him and assumed that he was honest. From that misguided trust, as much as from Irving's talents as a fabricator, all else followed. Long before Hemingway, Mark Twain's Nigger Jim knew that the Hemingway hero is not to be defined in terms of yachts and blondes. "Trash," said Jim, "is what people is dat puts dirt on de head er dey fren's." ■ Otto Friedrich



STANLEY ELLIN

Clues and Refunds

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

by STANLEY ELLIN

179 pages, Random House, \$5.95.

In his earlier puzzlements, Ellery Queen used to enjoy tweaking amateur sleuths by stopping short of the final Byzantine solution long enough to issue a "Challenge to the Reader" to match clues and wits with the smug author. In his newest novel, Stanley Ellin goes Queen one better. He offers the reader a refund instead of a contest.

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall comes with the last pages bound by a yellow paper band, slim but snug, that boasts that anyone who "can resist the startling ending" should return the book to the publishers, band still intact, for full reimbursement. Such a stunt may deflect attention from a contrived Freudian somersault about an attorney whose sordid sexual history makes a formida-

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4. Complete system includes superb color TV console, plus a player-recorder for videotape cartridges. A black-and-white TV camera is optional.

Long awaited, often delayed, cartridge television's move out of the laboratory and into the living room is a reality at last.

Sears Cartridge TV is now available at the larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores.

You must come in for a demonstration.

Cartridge TV goes as far beyond conventional color TV as a complete hi-fi system, with tape deck and record player, goes beyond radio alone.

Simple to operate.

Sears Cartridge TV is an electronic system that lets you play prerecorded images on a normal TV screen.

The prerecorded material can be information of all kinds or packaged entertainment, including some of the best pictures Hollywood ever produced. (See list next page.)

It comes in cartridges which play from about 15 minutes up to 112—nearly two full hours, with no interruptions. You can buy or rent them. Most are in full color.

The cartridges are simple to use. They're like audio cassettes. Simply snap them into place. That's it. You're ready! There's no threading or tearing of tape to worry about.

You can also buy blank tape to use with your own special TV camera to shoot your own TV "shows," the same way you now make home movies.

But instead of having to wait days or weeks for development, you can see the playback *in seconds* on your own TV screen.

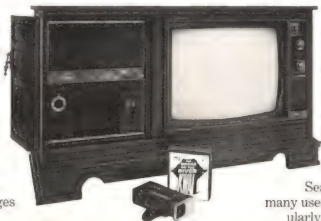
These blank cartridges can also be used to record important TV programs you would like to

see, such as a moon landing—even if you're not home or asleep.* You can play each cartridge up to 100 times.

Or you can erase the tape to use again to record other programs.

Invaluable for businesses.

Sears Cartridge TV has many uses for business, particularly in salesmen training.





Cartridges are simple to use...they snap in place.



Candies out at 1 P.M....party on TV at 1:05.



Set RECORD timer, go out...later, see playback.



By putting salesmen on tape, and showing them the playback on TV, they can then see themselves as others will see them.

They might discover quite a few ways they could improve their "pitch." By shortening it. Organizing it better. Or just by putting some plain "life" into it.

Sears Cartridge TV is also an up-to-date way to present training programs. You can put the entire program on tape. It then has a lasting quality. Should someone miss a point, he can simply play the tape back again. And again, and again, as many times as he wishes. Even weeks or months later to help refresh his memory.

Use Sears Easy Payment Plan.

The complete Sears Cartridge system includes a superb color TV console (25" diagonal measure

picture) plus videotape player-and-recorder. Black-and-white TV camera is optional. You can

buy it with the system now. Or, if you prefer, at a later date.

You can buy the complete system, or any of the components, on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

What about service?

Sears Cartridge TV is well past the shakedown stage. Sears knows that it works. Sears Merchandise Development and Testing Laboratories have been analyzing it for over a year.

Sears Cartridge TV can live up to Sears reputation for selling good products that you can depend on.



Black-and-white TV camera weighs 2½ pounds, comes with 14 feet of cord. (Longer length, optional.)

Partial list of movies and programs for Sears Cartridge Television:

Enough Sears Cartridge TV entertainment is already available to run nonstop, 24 hours a day, for a month and a half.

Sears list is continuing to grow. A partial list of what's been lined up as this advertisement goes to press:

Movies

Carnal Knowledge
The Anderson Tapes
Dr. Strangelove
Cat Ballou
The Bridge on the River Kwai
The Caine Mutiny
On the Waterfront
High Noon
It Happened One Night
Cactus Flower
Dive Into Italian Style
Casino Royale
Macbeth
Hamlet
George: Girl
Guest Who's Coming to Dinner

Sports

Super Bowl VI
Football Follies
The Wild and Wonderful
World of Auto Racing
Louis vs. Schmeling

Sports Instruction

Basketball with Bill Russell
Golf with Gene Littler
Fishing with Gullfabeat Gaddis

Home Arts & Crafts

Furniture Styles Then and Now
Needlepoint with Erica Wilson
Screen Process Printing

Self-Improvement

Peter Siebel's** Guide to Women
Continental Cuisine

Travel

England & Scotland
Italy
Israel

Music & Theatre

Marcel Marceau
Cherov's Swan Song
Orson Welles: American Heritage
Marty Robbins

Religion

Rembrandt and the Bible
The Religious Experience

Education

The Beginning and Development of Life
The Coming of Man

** An original cartridge program.

SEARS GUARANTEE

If, within 90 days, any part or tube should fail due to defects in materials or workmanship, Sears will replace it free. No charge for service, part or tube.

After 90 days, and for up to one year, Sears will replace free any part or tube that fails due to defects in materials or workmanship. However, you pay for installation.

If the picture tube fails due to defects in materials or workmanship at any time for up to two years, Sears will replace it free. You pay for installation.

Moreover, Sears services what it sells — and services it no matter where you move in the U.S.A. A point worth considering with so major a purchase as cartridge TV.

What does it all add up to?

Sears Cartridge TV turns your home into an entertainment center and your TV set into your own private TV station where you alone choose what you want to see, when you want to see it. With no interruptions other than those *you* want to make.

"Cartridge television," says *Fortune*, "would seem to coincide with the growing demand of people to do their own thing."

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BOOKS

bly damaging brief in his own nightmarish, fantasy trial for murder.

The setup is classic. "The lady's remains repose on my bathroom floor," Attorney Peter Hibben tells us, "in my own locked, barred, closed-circuit-TV-guarded apartment." The body is costumed like the leading light of a *Belle Epoque* bordello. *Carmina Burana* swells in from the living-room phonograph. The girl has been shot. The attorney recognizes the gun, a six-shot Smith & Wesson K-38 Heavy Masterpiece. He does not recognize the girl.

Hibben sacks his seamy past for a clue to her identity, or any inkling of how she got into his apartment and his life. His ex-wife, his son, his parents, even his psychiatrist—all appear to Hibben in his delirium, prodding him inexorably toward the unpleasant Krafft-Ebing revelation concealed behind that coy yellow band. In the denouement there are traces both of *Psycho* and the *Roger Ackroyd* device: Are you sure you should trust the narrator? But Ellin conceals his key surprise in a phonic note written by a distracted Mexican housemaid: Noscool some comic loc. Work that out and the solution may fall into place. Since the note appears on page 21, well before the band, Random House is jeopardizing its petty-cash supply.

■ Jay Cocks

Then and Now

JOHN THOMAS AND LADY JANE

by D.H. LAWRENCE
372 pages, Viking, \$8.95.

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY
90 pages, Scribners, \$5.95.

Permanent as the printed page may seem, the life of a book is often precarious. Nothing is harder to find than last year's literary flop, and the classics of yesterday seem to drop from view with unsettling regularity. The bottoms of the Great Lakes are said by some to be tiled with the dumped overstock of paperbacks that cannot be obtained anywhere, even in libraries. But there are mysterious cycles of resuscitation too. This fall Viking and Scribners have chosen to revive two marginal but interesting literary remains.

There were three complete versions of D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the third being the standard text. *John Thomas and Lady Jane* was the second, and it has thus far been available only as an English-language paperback in Italy. Arcane as that fact may be, it has a certain poetic fitness, since Lawrence wrote this most lyrical draft in Italy, inspired partly by the sensual "bright and dancing" frescoes in the Etruscan tombs at Tarquinia. It is substantially longer than the famous version, but no more obscene—which is to say that today it seems about as off-color as a Tiepolo cupid.

During the hullabaloo that accom-



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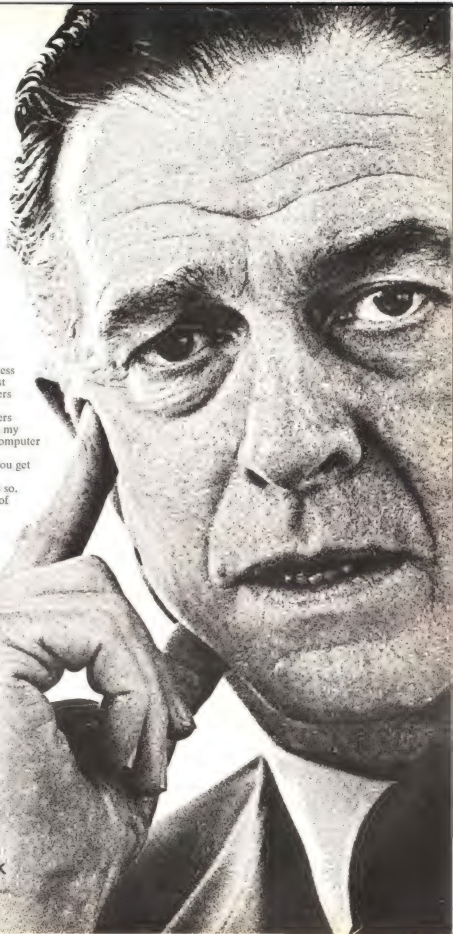
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NOVELISTS HEMINGWAY & LAWRENCE
Mysterious cycles.

panied the *Lady Chatterley* obscenity trial in 1959, it was fashionable to say that the book was not dirty, just pretentious. But Lawrence was attempting "an adjustment in consciousness to the basic physical realities." A tall order that, and one that greatly appealed to the author's radical temperament. Unfortunately, it led him into portentous language and situations, and gives an almost hysterical fervor to his advocacy of relaxed frankness between men and women.

Burning Outcries. Because *Lady Chatterley*'s shortcomings are so well known, it is possible to enjoy the unexpected virtues of this version. The most substantial improvement is in the gamekeeper Mellors, who is called Parkin here. Mellors is too good to be true, an ex-officer who keeps books on India, Soviet Russia and the atom in his cottage. Parkin is a rough, laconic collier's son who can understand neither his own mean circumstances nor the sources of Connie's passion for him. Lawrence lacked Thomas Hardy's gift for making the inner lives of simple people eloquent, but at least this Parkin makes the reader aware of the social chasm that Connie Chatterley proposed to cross. Similarly, the ambience of Wragby Hall, dominated by her crippled husband Clifford and his overbred friends, is more fully detailed and becomes one of Lawrence's burning outcries against industrial waste and acquisitiveness.

The flood, much laughed at language is still there; when the lovers adorn each other's bodies with blossoms, Lawrence has added a primrose "poised" in Connie's navel. But descriptions of the woods speak of a lonelier passion and are exquisite examples of an art at least as difficult as writing about sex. If this book does not convince anyone that it should become the accepted version of *Lady Chatterley*'s story, it is at least nothing for Lawrence lovers to be ashamed of.

Hemingway admirers must be unhappy these days, what with the assaults on his character that pour out of other people's memoirs. But if anyone needs to be reminded that Hemingway could dish it out too, *Torrents of Spring* will do as an example. It is a brutal parody of Sherwood Anderson, a man who influenced Hemingway's prose and helped him materially early in his career.

Obviously, *Torrents of Spring* tells

After I treat you like the chairman of the board on the plane, I give you 29 branch offices in Germany when you land, so that being there will be as easy as getting there.

The Red Baron



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BOOKS

about the dramatic effects of the vernal equinox on the backwater town of Petrosky, Mich. Anderson's lapidary dialogue, his reverence for the little town, the railroad tracks, the "beanery" with its elderly waitress, even his anxious asides to the reader, are lampooned: "Spring was coming. Spring was in the air. (Author's note: This is the same day on which the story starts, back on page three.)"

Gossip has it that Hemingway wrote the parody because he wanted to break his own contract with Boni & Liveright, Anderson's publisher, and go to Scribners. The firm sided with Anderson, and released Hemingway from his contract. Scribners got *Torrents* and the following year *The Sun Also Rises*. Anderson had the last word however. "It might have been humorous had Max Beerbohm condensed it to twelve pages," he said—and he was right. ■ Martha Duffy

Downfall and Upfall

I COME AS A THIEF

by LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
231 pages; Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95.

At his very best, as in *The Rector at Justin*, Louis Auchincloss can not only enforce sobriety and respect among his readers; he manages to convey some sense of the strengths and well-harnessed passions that underlie the propriety of his WASP characters. There has always been a strain of unintended comedy in this kind of mannerly fiction, however. The habits and rituals of Auchincloss's well-bred people—moneyed Protestants in the backwaters of the Eastern Establishment—are in themselves no more ridiculous than those of other groups. But the author is so solemn about them that when his control lapses, reader mutiny results, mostly in the form of attacks of the snickers.

During this present novel, even affectionate readers will have a hard time remembering what it is that often makes Auchincloss worth bothering about. The story, written at the level of what used to be called women's magazine fiction, concerns the downfall and up-fall of Tony Lowder, a decent, attractive and rather priggish young lawyer with political ambitions. To help a feckless law partner who is in financial trouble, and because there seems no reason not to, Lowder accepts a bribe from a Mafia-connected moneyman whose activities are under investigation. The novel follows the muscular workings of the hero's conscience, which, after much interior melodrama, sees him through.

There is no logical point at which to begin an analysis of what went wrong with *I Come as a Thief*. The reader is left with the vivid impression that Auchincloss forgot why he called his characters together in the first place, and was too embarrassed to ask them to disband. ■ John Skow

Busing Report Card

As many public schools reopened last week, parents and politicians alike seemed to be more concerned about the buses outside than the classrooms within. Last June Congress declared that no new court-ordered busing could proceed until the exhaustion of all appeals, if busing was solely "for the purpose of achieving a balance among students with respect to race." Faced with that ukase, federal judges have done the only thing they thought proper. By and large, they have managed to bypass the order. As a result, though the increase is far less than last year, total busing this fall will be up.

Justice William Rehnquist, generally considered the most conservative member of the Supreme Court, has refused to stay busing orders in Nashville and Oklahoma City. His fellow Nixon appointee, Justice Lewis F. Powell Jr., did the same in a case from Augusta, Ga. Powell concluded that Augusta's busing was intended to end unlawful segregation, but did not necessarily seek to "achieve racial balance." Congress's injunction, he said, was specifically limited to racial-balance orders. A lower federal judge, Frank Wilson, did stay his own busing order in Chattanooga, Tenn., because he thought that Congress had meant the law to apply to all integration busing. But Wilson's action is the rare exception. Most judges have done as Rehnquist and Powell did.

Stalled. Nor are the judges being high-handed. The new law has been invoked by busing foes to block orders that courts have determined are constitutionally required. Attorney James M. Nabrit of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund observes that "it is conventional for a judge faced with a statute of doubtful constitutionality to interpret it in a way that avoids the problem. And that's what has been happening here."

The battle is by no means over, of course. Last week when Congress reconvened, it began considering new antibusing measures, including a proposed constitutional amendment. The Supreme Court last year unanimously approved busing as one tool to end segregation. This October, in a busing case from Denver, it will consider whether the informal—or so-called *de facto*—school segregation common outside the South is as unconstitutional as the *de jure* segregation explicitly established in Southern states by law. The stalled rulings in the most publicized cases of Detroit and Richmond, involving busing across county lines between city and suburb, are also now being appealed. And it is likely that there will be a request to review a ruling last month that a judge can order busing only after trying "every other possible remedy."

Citizen v. the IRS

Philip Long, 56, who operates a real estate business near Seattle, first got the dark news three years ago. The Internal Revenue Service wanted to audit his business and personal returns for 1966, 1967 and 1968. After the audit, the IRS claimed that he owed \$38,144 in addition to the \$21,412 he had already paid. Deciding to fight, Long wanted to know more about how the IRS reached its conclusions, so he asked to see some of the agency's reports and manuals on auditing and other procedures.

Data of this sort are theoretically available to citizens under the Freedom of Information Act of 1966. In practice,

JACK BROW—SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER



THE LONGS AFTER COLLECTING SPOILS
Theoretically, it was easy.

however, federal agencies, and especially the IRS, are slow to respond to such requests, as Phil Long discovered. With the help of his wife Sue, he has filed 300 pages of briefs and legal memorandums and spent \$10,000 in pursuit of the requested documents, even though he appeared as his own attorney. Grudgingly, tax officials agreed to give up documents one by one, until only two were left in legal dispute. Three weeks ago Seattle Federal Judge William Beeks concluded that those should also be disclosed. It was the first court ruling against the IRS under the Information Act.

After Beeks' decision, the agency finally turned over to the Longs a manual that guides IRS agents in negotiating settlements with taxpayers. But it is still reluctant to make public a statistical study of audits, and it may appeal the part of Beeks' decision that requires it to

do so. The Longs suspect that the study shows that the IRS spends a disproportionate amount of time checking the returns of small taxpayers compared with large ones. Defending the IRS's penchant for secrecy, a spokesman for the agency contends that "detailed knowledge of our procedures would make it easier for people to get around or evade the regulations." Long, who still has not paid his contested tax bill, answers that he does not want to evade the regulations; he wants to make the IRS tell what the rules really are. "We've taken a few bricks out of the wall," says Phil Long. "We'd like to see a demolition job on the wall, but we have made progress."

Stop the Impeachers

A RESOLUTION TO IMPEACH RICHARD M. NIXON, read the headline of a two-page ad in the May 31 issue of the New York Times. Though John Birchers did their poor best to get Earl Warren impeached, some people are still shocked by the thought of trying to do it to the President. Angry pressmen at the Times at first refused to run off the issue. The President sent a White House aide to thank them for their brief attempt at supererogatory censorship, and the Times received more than 400 letters from readers, most of whom condemned publication of the ad.

Among those reading the ad was the Government's Office of Federal Elections, which informed the Justice Department of an "apparent violation" of the 1971 Federal Election Campaign Act. As a result, Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan last week enjoined further political activity by the ad's sponsor, the National Committee for Impeachment, which is largely the creation of Anti-war Activist Randolph Phillips.

It was the first time the Government had sought an injunction under the Campaign Act. Designed to regulate a variety of campaign practices, the statute provided that political committees engaged in federal campaigning must file reports with the Government, listing their officers, supporters and finances. The act's purpose was to control excessive campaign spending and curb dummy committees.

Judge Ryan agreed with the Justice Department that the statute's language also covered the impeachment group, since "the advertisement plainly stated that the committee solicited contributions and funds to be used on behalf of candidates" who support a House impeachment resolution. The committee contends that it is not engaged in campaigning, but is promoting a political idea under the protection of the First Amendment, and it has therefore refused to file the required reports. If it did so, it would be free to resume its efforts. Instead, says Attorney Paul Cherny of the New York Civil Liberties Union, the group will appeal in an effort to have the overly "broad" 1971 law declared unconstitutional.

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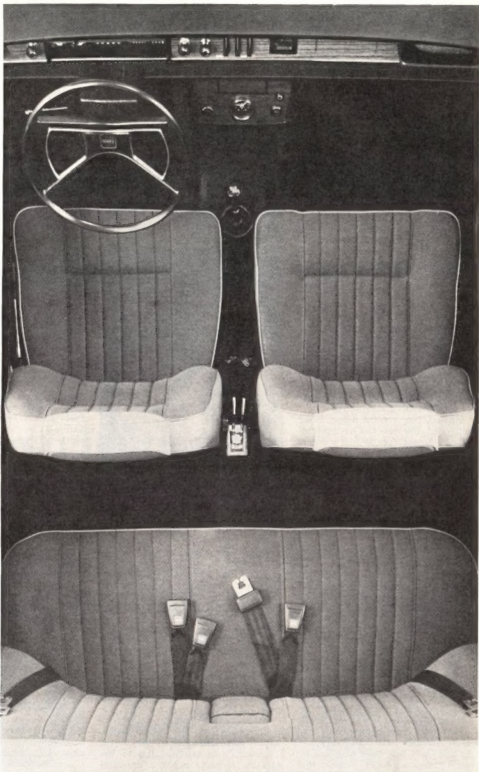
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